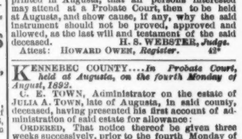
THE BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL BOSTON.
Largest & Most Successful in the World.
Will Re-open Tuesday, Sept. 6th.
THE COURSE OF STUDY is thorough, complete and practical. Pupils are fitted for the duties and work of every-day life.
THE FACULTY embraces a list of more than twenty teachers and assistants, elected with special reference to proficiency in each department.
THE STUDENTS are young people of both sexes, full of diligence and zeal.
THE DISCIPLINE is of the highest order and includes valuable business lessons.
THE PATRONAGE is the largest of any Commercial School in the world.
THE REPUTATION of this school for *originality and leadership* and as the Standard Institution of its kind is generally acknowledged.
THE SCHOOL BUILDING is centrally located and purposely constructed.
SPECIAL COURSE, *Shorthand, Type Writing, Composition and Correspondence* may be taken as a special course.
SITUATIONS in Business Houses furnished its pupils complete the varied inducements to attend this school.
BUILDING, 658 Washington Street, Boston, open daily after Aug. 22, from 9 till 5 o'clock.
PROSPECTUS sent free.

THE Gold Clarion



PORTABLE
COOKING RANGE
FOR WOOD OR COAL.
With the fact in view that with the practical housekeeper the question of domestic economy is always an important one, we invite attention to the famous
Gold Clarion Portable Range,
with its many valuable labor-saving improvements suggested by over *fifty years' experience*.
Made in every variety and style wanted, by skilful mechanics, from the best materials.
We warrant the CLARION to comprises more improvements than any other make.
Its great sales prove the fact that it leads all competitors.
SEND for 32-page book of testimonials.
Sold by wide-awake Stove Dealers. If not for sale in your locality, send to the makers, who will inform you how to purchase this celebrated Range.
Manufactured and for sale by
BANGOR, MAINE. WOOD, BISHOP & CO.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of MARY E. SOULE, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
Aug. 8, 1892. WILLIAM B. SOULE.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1892.*
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of BRIDGET A. MURPHY, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 42*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1892.*
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of SAMUEL S. TIFFANY, late of Vassalboro, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 42*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of August, 1892.*
H. B. PENNEY, Administrator on the estate of SOPHRONIA D. ROBINSON, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 42*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1892.*
GEORGE H. CATES, Administrator on the estate of MICHAEL HENNESSY, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having petitioned for license to sell the following real estate of said deceased, for the payment of debts, viz: the undivided interest of the said Richard Bennett, situated in East Vassalboro:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petitions should not be granted
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 42*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of HANNAH D. MURRAY, late of Windsor, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
July 25, 1892. 41* SUMNER CUNNINGHAM.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of BENJAMIN WAIT, late of Vienna, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
Aug 8, 1892. CHARLES S. WAIT.
41*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of DANIEL A. CONY, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to JOSEPH H. MANLEY.
Aug. 8, 1892. 41*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of EMILY DENISTON, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
July 25, 1892. 41* FREDERICK HAMLEN.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of August, 1892.*
ALBERT G. SMITH, Administrator on the estate of CLARINDA A. SMITH, late of Monmouth, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:—
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
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H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 41*

THE MAINE FARMER,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY
BADGER & MANLEY,
Water Street, Augusta.
Within two doors of the Bridge.
TERMS:
$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.
FREE OF POSTAGE.
IF NOT PAID WITHIN THE YEAR, $3. WILL BE CHARGED.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
For one inch space, $0.50 for three insertions, and seventy-two cents for each subsequent insertion. Special Notices, $1.50 per inch for each insertion. All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.
TRAVELING AGENTS:
C. S. AYER, J. W. KELLOGG.

Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LX. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1892. No. 44.

Fairs to Occur.

Androscoggin Valley—At Canton, Sept. 30—Oct. 2d.
Andover Agricultural Society—At Andover, Sept. 20th and 21st.
Atwater Grange Fair—Oct. 8th and 6th.
Aroostook County Agricultural Society—At Houlton, Sept. 20th and 30th.
Aroostook North—Presque Isle, Sept. 13th, 14th and 15th.
Baldwin and Sebago—At Lake View, East Sebago, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22d.
Bethel—At Riverside Park, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22d.
Cumberland County Agricultural Association—At Gorham, Sept. 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th.
Durham Town Show—At Durham, Oct. 4th and 5th.
Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Farmington, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.
Javasis Fair—At Hammond's Grove, Sept. 14th.
Kennebec Agricultural Society—At Readfield, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22d.
Lincoln County Agricultural Society—At Damariscotta, Sept. 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th.
Maine State Fair—At Lewiston, Sept. 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th.
North Washington Agricultural Society—At Lake Side Park, Princeton, Sept. 21 and 22.
New Gloucester and Danville Agricultural Association—Oct. 6th and 7th.
North Oxford Agricultural Society—At Andover, Sept. 29th and 30th.
Northern Cumberland Agricultural Society—At Harrison, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.
North Waldo Fair—At Unity, Oct. 4th and 5th.
Oxford—At Norway and South Paris, September 13th, 14th and 15th.
Piscataquis Central—Foxcroft, Sept. 21st and 22d.
South Kennebec—At South Windsor, Oct. 4th, 5th and 6th.
Sagadahoc Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct. 11th, 12th and 13th.
Skowhegan and Acton Agricultural Society—Oct. 11th, 12th and 13th.
Springvale—Sept. 23d, 23d and 24th.
Waldo and Penobscot Society—At Monroe, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.
Waldo County—At Belfast, Oct. 4th and 5th.
West Washington—At Cherryfield Park, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.
West Penobscot—At Exeter, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.
Washington County Agricultural Society—At Pembroke, Sept. 20th and 29th.
West Oxford—At Fryeburg, Oct. 4th, 5th and 6th.
Washington Central—Machias, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22d.
York—Saco, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22d.

Keep the pigs growing and fattening at the same time. The old-fashioned way of first growing the frame, and then feed for fattening is played out.

Careful weighings at the New York Experiment Station showed that cheese shrinks in four weeks of curing an average of about seven pounds to the hundred. The extremes in upwards of fifty cases were 5 5 to 8.87 lbs.

A fair average quality of milk may be set down as 87 per cent. water and 13 per cent. solids. The solids include fat, 3.6 per cent.; casein, 3.3; albumen, 0.7; milk sugar, 4.7, and ash, 0.7 per cent. Jersey and Guernsey milk is much richer in fats than what is given in this average.

The *Farmer* outside went to press before the opening of the State Fair at Lewiston. In our inside columns will be found a report of the proceedings of the first day, with a notice in detail of such of the exhibits as were then found in place. A full force of reporters are on the ground and will give our readers everything of interest connected with the exhibition.

Are there no more of the farmers who kept an account of cost with the harvesting of their hay? We hoped to hear from many, and for two special reasons: We believe farmers would find an advantage from figuring more on their business; and we entertain the idea that hay does not cost so much on the farm as many farmers suppose. One item of the cost is the harvesting. Cannot the *Farmer* have more reports?

We give this week a portrait of the imported Guernsey cow, Select, 2205, the property of Mr. Francis Shaw, Wayland, Mass. The cut shows her to be what she is, a typical dairy cow. Her record is 22 lbs. 8 oz. butter in seven days. In Mr. Shaw's herd are six daughters of Select and Select 2d a half sister whose record is 14 lbs. butter in a week with first calf. There are four daughters of Select, and all without exception show by actual test unusual richness.

Read the Dairy Premiums in another column offered at the great New York Food Exposition. We wish the best butter and cheese makers of this State would contribute samples of their make, both butter and cheese, farm and factory make. It will do them good to know how their products stand in comparison with other choice goods of the kind. All the samples on exhibition are to be sealed by points and a record kept. Thus each exhibitor will know just how his product stands in comparison with others. Maine made a good record at the National Dairy Show held at that city several years ago. Our dairy workers have been learning all the while since then and should stand as well in comparison now as then. Who will lead off?

The Stock Situation.

It is accepted all around that the crop of fodder in store for the feeding of stock the coming winter is from a quarter to a third less than for either of the two last years. At the same time it is known that throughout the State where the hay is fed out on the farm, the amount of stock at the barns last winter was fully equal to the supply of fodder on hand. This was shown by the fact that the hay supply in those sections was substantially used up by the time the stock went to pasture. Prices have been low and trade slow during the summer months, so that it is easily seen that only a limited amount of that stock has been disposed of this season, up to the present time.

From the above showing it becomes certain there is an unusually large surplus of stock in the State that will be offered on the market before housing time. Of cattle this is made up of young stuff in quite large numbers, some surplus milch cows, and a few fat oxen, and these are what must go to market.

It should be recollected that of late years the demand at Brighton for what is commonly denominated "store cattle," that is, young growing cattle not fat, and also for working oxen, has been extremely light; the prices correspondingly low and sales slow. It is as good as certain that in this particular direction the trade of the coming fall season will be no improvement over the past few years. Any forcing, then of this kind of stock into the market, must result in unsatisfactory sales. It will be wise then for farmers to begin early to move this stock to market. Fat oxen are selling well now and there is no possible prospect of any advance later on. Home consumption can take a large amount of the beef cattle on hand, and should be supplied from our native cattle in so far as they will go towards doing it. By beginning now and taking advantage of the situation this surplus stock may be worked off without a glut in the market or resulting in panic prices.

The State Fair.

The annual exhibition of the State Agriculture Society opened at their park at Lewiston on Tuesday of this week and is now going on. The *Farmer* goes to press too early to give anything of detail of the exhibition in this department of the paper. On the inside however, will be found the proceedings of the first day as fully as it could be made up in the unsettled condition of affairs always incidental with the opening day. The officers are men of long experience either in official relations or as showmen, and realized fully the importance of being ready and having everything in systematic order before the show opened.

The list of stock entries published in our columns last week gave something of an idea of the extent of this great exhibition that is now being held, and when one stops to consider that these entries represent only a part of the exhibition and that in the horticultural department, farm implements and machines, carriages, manufactures and general industries, the contributions in each are equally numerous, they will begin to get are idea of the extent and variety of this great annual exhibition of the State's industries, and plainly see what it is that draws the attention of so large a part of the people that assembles there at the show, in the vast crowds there met on every suitable day, so long as the exhibition continues.

The entries as published with additions since made, make up the grand total of between six and seven hundred cattle, representing all the different breeds found in the State and each in numbers sufficient to well represent the distinguishing characteristics of the breed and afford a profitable study to visitors in any particular direction, and filling every space in the long lines of stalls prepared for their accommodation. Three hundred horses, just think of it! and the finest stock the country anywhere affords! What a chance to study families, their characteristics and their merits. Every stable is filled and many are quartered outside the park for want of room. Some three hundred sheep and fifty swine make up the grand total. This great collection of stock shows conclusively that no particular class enjoys a monopoly here, and the crowds of people everywhere distributed throughout the stables and stalls prove there is no monopoly of favor with the public. Lovers of cattle, of sheep, of horses are here, and each finds among his favorites enough to claim his attention and invite his admiration.

Much effort has been made under the lead of President Jerrard to bring together representations of the varied and important industries of the State other than those of the stock and the products of the soil. It was felt that this had heretofore been too much overlooked, while their importance to the prosperity of the State was apparently ignored. In fact the purpose in view is to make this annual fair a grand industrial exhibit of the enterprise and capacity of the State. In this commendable effort President Jerrard has succeeded to creditable extent, and has brought out a large class of exhibits of much interest and still greater importance than has ever before been found in the exhibition. The importance of this movement can hardly be over-estimated, and in the next issue of the *Farmer* this department will be noticed in detail and with much care. We here and now call special attention to it as an advance movement and deserving of encouragement.

The stock is being judged by experts brought here expressly for the work. Jerseys are judged by George Blanchard, Broadmoor Farm, Cumberland, and Nathan Dane, Wonderbrook Farm, Kennebunk.

Durhams and Herefords, by T. F. Granthan, Bolton, N. H.; Holsteins and Ayrshires, C. M. Hayes, Portsmouth, N. H.; Sheep, C. M. Winslow, Brandon, Vt., and Horses, R.W. Godrich, Poultney, Vt. These men are all tried and true having before performed the same service for us in former years, and always with satisfaction to exhibitors.

The Fairs and the Press.

It is not too much to claim without any show of boasting, that the success of a great State Fair like that which is going on at Lewiston the present week is greatly dependent for its success on the assistance of the press. Indeed, its very existence may truthfully be claimed to depend on the aid rendered by the papers. Day after day and week after week the subject matter is kept before the people in every nook and corner of the State, and through it an interest is awakened, cultivated and fed in a manner and to an extent that could not be made possible in any other way, and without which neither the exhibits nor the attendance would be on a scale sufficient for a possible success. Yet this is all done without price and without remuneration from the enterprise so fostered and benefited. So common is all this work, though so great and vitally important, that even those directly concerned are sometimes indifferent as to its importance, while the general public accept it as merely a matter of course. While the press has become almost a part of the daily life of a people, it has lost its identity and its work is effective in enlightening and shaping the world of activity of which itself is a component part.

Common Sense vs. Professional Technicalities.

The Massachusetts Dairy Bureau is just now having a little circus with the limbs of the law in its efforts to enforce the anti-oleo law enacted by the legislature of that State at its last session. This now somewhat celebrated law prohibits the sale of any oleaginous product "which shall be in imitation of yellow butter, produced from pure unadulterated milk or cream of the same." In the cases brought by the dairy bureau in the courts, the attorneys of the oleo combination are claiming and are laboring to prove that yellow oleomargarine is not an imitation of yellow butter produced from milk, and in the case of one judge have secured a decision to that effect. What nonsense to indulge in such hair-splitting distinctions! There is not a man in that State who can read a newspaper but can interpret correctly the meaning of that law as it reads, and no one who has ever examined, sold or eaten oleo but also knows it is made in imitation of yellow butter. The view has every where been taken at all times been accepted. Common sense has its force appeal to the language of the law however ingenious the effort to befog its meaning. The *New England Farmer* gives the following history of the matter:

The Supreme Court has decided that the law is not an unconstitutional violation of the Interstate Commerce law. The oleo interest, defeated on this point, has taken an appeal to the United States Supreme Court. Meanwhile the decision stands as Massachusetts law, and the dairy bureau is busy enforcing the law. Pending the decision of this appeal, the oleomargarine manufacturers and their attorneys are studying for other points on which to attack the law, and take further appeals to the State Supreme Court.

At present the imitation question is the point of attack. In all the cases brought by the dairy bureau in the local courts it has been the effort of the attorney of the Armour and Swift combinations to prove that yellow oleomargarine is not an imitation of "yellow butter, produced from pure unadulterated milk or cream of the same."

They have tried to prove there is in nature no distinctive shade of yellow which can be called the color of "butter produced from pure, unadulterated milk or cream from the same." Their experts have sworn that the bright, golden yellow of oleomargarine is the distinctive color of an independent food product, and is not a color that is in imitation of any that that under ordinary circumstances can be found in "butter produced from pure, unadulterated milk or cream from the same."

Prof. Babcock, the chemist of the Dairy Bureau, has not been thoroughly explicit on this point, and his evidence has in a measure helped the other side. He has testified that bright, yellow butter is made only certain times, and that only in June, and is not the butter usually meant when the article is alluded to; commercial butter when produced from pure, unadulterated milk or cream is naturally of a light straw, pale colored paper and lacks in a fancy article, with an exaggerated price.

William B. Clark, the Worcester agent for Armour, has testified that he is also a farmer, and more interested in farming and in honest butter than in oleo; he has sworn that uncolored oleo looks more like butter than the colored oleo; commercial butter is made to resemble oleo.

George M. Whitaker and S. W. Stockwell have testified, as the Dairy Bureau's experts, that the normal color of butter from good butter cows fed on proper rations, is always a bright yellow, and that the yellow oleomargarine is in imitation of "yellow butter produced from pure, unadulterated milk or cream."

In only one case, however, has the oleo lawyers been able to convince a judge of the correctness of his claims. In Worcester, last week, Wednesday, a man who had been selling yellow oleomargarine was acquitted. Elsewhere convictions have been secured; but appeals have been taken to the Superior Court, in order to bring this and other questions up for adjudication.

Dairy Premiums—New York Food Exposition.

The premium list for the dairy exhibit at the great New York Food Exposition to be held at Madison Square Garden, Oct. 1 to 27, has been revised and Gold Medal and cash prizes are now offered according to the schedule following:

FOR FARM BUTTER.

For the best collection of farm-made butter, consisting of one two-pound jar of granular butter, five pounds of prints, and a five-pound box, and such additional packages as may suit the taste and convenience of the maker, not less than twenty-five and not to exceed thirty pounds in all. The exhibit to be the product of one churning from a herd owned and operated by the exhibitor, and the goods to be salted to suit the New York market.

Highest Score, not less than 95, Gold Medal, value	$50 00
First Premium	20 00
Second Premium	10 00
Third Premium	15 00
Fourth Premium	10 00
Fifth Premium	5 00
Total	$125 00

There will be three classes of butters: Goods made from gravity cream, separated cream, and sour or sweet cream butter produced from centrifugal cream, or the butter extractor.

Ten pounds of sweet cream butter and fifteen of sour cream butter may be exhibited by makers of separator butter, or the whole exhibit may be sweet cream butter. Makers of gravity cream butter may exhibit but one kind, such as they are accustomed to make; not less than twenty-five pounds.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS—FARM BUTTERS.

For the best three collections of farm-made butters, consisting of one two-pound jar of granular butter, five pounds of prints, and a five-pound box, and such additional packages as may suit the taste and convenience of the maker, not to exceed thirty pounds, nor less than twenty-five in all. The butter is to be made by the Cooley system.

For the highest three scores: Three Gold Medals, value, $30.00 each. By the Vermont Farm Machine Co.

CHEESE.—FARM-MADE.

For the best collection of farm-made cheese, of not less than twenty pounds and not more than one hundred pounds, the same awards. Cheese must be produced from the milk of cows owned and operated by exhibitor.

Highest Score, not less than 95, Gold Medal,	
Value	$50 00
First Premium	25 00
Second Premium	20 00
Third Premium	15 00
Fourth Premium	10 00
Fifth Premium	5 00
Total	$125 00

For the best collection of standard cheese for home market, of different ages, sorts and styles, as full and hard cheese, colored or uncolored, sage or otherwise flavored. This exhibit must be not less than 100 pounds nor more than 200 pounds. It must be the product of five separate farms, not more than one of which may be owned and operated by the exhibitor. In the case of soft cheese, renewals must be made weekly, on the same conditions of awards and premiums as in the case of butter exhibits.

For the Highest Score, not less than 95, Gold Medal, value	$50 00
First Premium	25 00
Second Premium	20 00
Third Premium	15 00
Fourth Premium	10 00
Fifth Premium	5 00
Total	$125 00

SPECIAL PREMIUM.

For the best collection of factory-made cheese.

One bottle Babcock Power Tester, by Cornish, Curtiss & Green Company..... $50.00

All exhibits must be *entirely free* from distinguishing marks, either on boxes or prints, when submitted to the jurors. This rule applies to farm goods also.

All protests on the subject of qualifications must be made within twenty-four hours of the publication of the jurors' awards, and to be lodged with the Superintendent with a deposit of $10.

All butters will be stored and displayed in the Wickes Refrigerator Company's refrigerators, which they have generously tendered for the purpose.

Address all communications to James Cheesman, Supt. Dairy Department, Madison Square Garden, New York.

BRITAIN'S BREEDING GROUND. What a wonderful spot of ground from the breeder's standpoint is the Island of Great Britain! Measured by any rule we may choose it has led the world in the production of improved live stock. Take a map of the island and mark the localities famous for horses; go over it again and locate the breeds of cattle; then mark the home spots of the wonderful muitton breeds of sheep, and finally the pigs, and then hold it a little from you and see how the whole is dotted over in a most surprising manner.

Of course there are small variations in climate, the different geological formations, and the several aspects of the hills and valleys, without which all these diversities of form and breed would be an impossibility. But it is the English farmer with his English agriculture that has made the possibilities actual and given us the leading types of nearly all of our domestic animals. The continental farmer is a crop grower; the English husbandman yields not the palm in those regards to his neighbor, but rises higher in his love and appreciation for domestic animals. From the Island of Great Britain have gone representatives of the improved breeds of five stock to every quarter of the habitable globe, and so the work of the British stockman has benefited every nation striving to improve its condition.—*Prof. Henry.*

The Eastern State Fair.

We continue our report from last week.

At Norombega.

We find the show here very excellent, but less in extent than last year. As usual, it is under the direction of Maj. Roscoe G. Rollins, a former Augusta boy. The exhibits here are of more special interest to the fair sex. Around the side are the booths occupied by various business firms advertising their goods and they make an excellent display. The decorations consist of flags and evergreens and the appearance of the hall is quite pretty. Following is a list of exhibits of fancy work, Bangor being the residence of the exhibitor when no other town is mentioned:

Mrs. J. C. Barrett, hand woven linen towel and pillow slip.

Mrs. W. F. Humphrey, North Bradford, silk quilt, plush and velvet.

Mrs. L. A. Shorey, Eddington, domestic yarn, 5 lbs., domestic woolen socks, 5 pairs.

Miss Lulu M. Shorey, Eddington, 14 jar of granular butter, five pounds of prints, and a five-pound box, and such additional packages as may suit the taste and convenience of the maker, not to exceed thirty pounds, nor less than twenty-five in all. The butter is to be made by the Cooley system.

For the highest three scores: Three Gold Medals, value, $30.00 each. By the Vermont Farm Machine Co.

CHEESE.—FARM-MADE.

For the best collection of farm-made cheese, of not less than twenty pounds and not more than one hundred pounds, the same awards. Cheese must be produced from the milk of cows owned and operated by exhibitor.

Highest Score, not less than 95, Gold Medal,	
Value	$50 00
First Premium	25 00
Second Premium	20 00
Third Premium	15 00
Fourth Premium	10 00
Fifth Premium	5 00
Total	$125 00

For the best collection of standard cheese for home market, of different ages, sorts and styles, as full and hard cheese, colored or uncolored, sage or otherwise flavored. This exhibit must be not less than 100 pounds nor more than 200 pounds. It must be the product of five separate farms, not more than one of which may be owned and operated by the exhibitor. In the case of soft cheese, renewals must be made weekly, on the same conditions of awards and premiums as in the case of butter exhibits.

For the Highest Score, not less than 95, Gold Medal, value	$50 00
First Premium	25 00
Second Premium	20 00
Third Premium	15 00
Fourth Premium	10 00
Fifth Premium	5 00
Total	$125 00

SPECIAL PREMIUM.

For the best collection of factory-made cheese.

One bottle Babcock Power Tester, by Cornish, Curtiss & Green Company..... $50.00

All exhibits must be *entirely free* from distinguishing marks, either on boxes or prints, when submitted to the jurors. This rule applies to farm goods also.

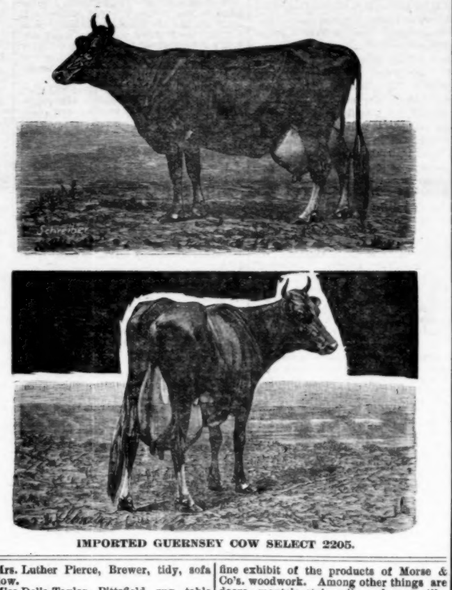
All protests on the subject of qualifications must be made within twenty-four hours of the publication of the jurors' awards, and to be lodged with the Superintendent with a deposit of $10.

All butters will be stored and displayed in the Wickes Refrigerator Company's refrigerators, which they have generously tendered for the purpose.

Address all communications to James Cheesman, Supt. Dairy Department, Madison Square Garden, New York.

BRITAIN'S BREEDING GROUND. What a wonderful spot of ground from the breeder's standpoint is the Island of Great Britain! Measured by any rule we may choose it has led the world in the production of improved live stock. Take a map of the island and mark the localities famous for horses; go over it again and locate the breeds of cattle; then mark the home spots of the wonderful muitton breeds of sheep, and finally the pigs, and then hold it a little from you and see how the whole is dotted over in a most surprising manner.

Of course there are small variations in climate, the different geological formations, and the several aspects of the hills and valleys, without which all these diversities of form and breed would be an impossibility. But it is the English farmer with his English agriculture that has made the possibilities actual and given us the leading types of nearly all of our domestic animals. The continental farmer is a crop grower; the English husbandman yields not the palm in those regards to his neighbor, but rises higher in his love and appreciation for domestic animals. From the Island of Great Britain have gone representatives of the improved breeds of five stock to every quarter of the habitable globe, and so the work of the British stockman has benefited every nation striving to improve its condition.—*Prof. Henry.*



IMPORTED GUERNSEY COW SELECT 2205.

Mrs. Luther Pierce, Brewer, tidy, sofa pillow.

Miss Della Taylor, Pittsfield, rug, table cover.

Miss E. W. Eaton, sideboard scarf, 2 centerpieces.

Mrs. A. B. Gobbert, Richmond, 1 night dress, tray cloth, 12 doilies, sofa pillow, sideboard cloth, splasher, 2 tray cloths, table mats, toilet set.

Mrs. Marcus Lansbury, Auburn, age 83 years, 1 centerpiece.

Miss Daisy Pendleton, tray cloth, lady's skirt.

Mrs. E. V. Palmer, antiquities.

A. L. Simpson is in charge of

City Hall

where is an extensive display of fruit and flowers and works of art. One of the displays which always delights the heart of the fruit grower is the annual show of Mr. S. G. Harlow of Bangor, in which he puts on Centre street the best of good things grow. The table which holds it is a veritable garden of Eden, and if the fruit in that beautiful place looked as well as Mr. Harlow's display Adam and Eve fell a victim to its charms. He has pears and apples of every kind and variety arranged in a most tasty manner. Mr. Harlow has 50 varieties of apples, 20 of pears, 10 of plums and five of crab apples.

Mr. O. S. Larrabee makes a very handsome display of fruit from his great orchard in West Levant. He has 34 varieties of apples and five of pears, all of the handsomest imaginable.

The Misses Low of Bangor have a very choice exhibit of plums, there being 12 varieties. Mrs. E. E. Hussey of Brewer exhibits Antoka plums.

D. P. True of Leeds has 75 plates of apples of all the leading and desirable varieties, such as the Baldwins, King, Northern Spy. The Swaz is a new and desirable variety, good eater and keeper. The Twenty-ounce sells well in the Boston markets. It is something like the Harvey Greening. Mr. True has also an exhibit of pears and plums, among the latter the Lombard, which originated right here in Bangor and which Mr. True thinks stands at the head of the list of plums.

F. A. Eddy of Bangor has a large collection of apples and grapes.

The following are exhibit apples, a portion of them large varieties, and although the fruit has been gathered prematurely, it makes a fine showing:

Mrs. Frank Bibridge, Hermon Centre, age 83 years, 2 silk quilts.

Mrs. S. A. McDermid, Skowhegan, silk quilt.

Mrs. W. C. Moulton, carriage afghan.

Mrs. F. C. Chase, So. Etna, 5 pairs men's mittens, 5 pairs men's socks, 1 night robe.

Miss Harriet Stewart, tea cloth.

Mrs. Louise King, So. Etna, 5 lbs. domestic yarn, 5 pairs ladies' mittens, 2 pairs hose, 2 pairs drawers, handkerchief, splasher, hand knit lace, sofa tidy, photograph case, night robe.

Rebecca King, So. Etna, skirt.

Flora A. Thaxter, Newburg, velvet tidy, velvet sofa pillow, crocheted hood, hand knit lace, 2 needle cases, tidy.

Mrs. E. C. Dummer, age 82 years, patchwork quilt.

Mrs. M. W. Vose, 83 years, silk quilt.

Annie Ida Miles, Newburg, 15 years, 5 skeins yarn.

Mrs. M. J. Palmer, upholstered chair.

Maria E. Morgan, skirt, table cover.

Mrs. D. H. Madgett, Dexter, sideboard cloth.

Lilian Chapman, Newburg, handkerchief.

Mrs. Alfred Getchell, Carmel, pair woolen blankets, 2 pairs woolen drawers.

Sylvia Loring, Carmel, 17 years, crocheted apron, crocheted lace.

Mrs. J. F. Knowles, crocheted infant's socks.

Miss Maud Oree, sofa pillow.

Mrs. L. L. Lord, Ellsworth, carriage afghan.

Mrs. F. C. Brackett, carriage afghan.

Miss J. F. Perry, 1 sofa pillow, shopping bag, 12 doilies, sideboard cloth.

Mrs. Susan G. Palmer, 75 years, patchwork quilt.

Miss Lulu Boynton, sideboard scarf, doily.

Mrs. George W. E. Barrows, 2 tray cloths, toilet set, 2 tidies, 5 doilies.

Mrs. F. N. White, specimen button-hole stitch embroidery, 1 tray cloth, sideboard scarf.

Miss Alice Farrington, Brewer, 3 specimens button-hole stitch.

Mrs. D. F. Chamberlain, specimen cross stitch.

Mrs. S. E. Jarvis, lady's knit slippers, tray cloth.

Miss Rosa E. Young, patchwork quilt.

Miss Gertrude N. Fairbank, handkerchief.

Mr. K. J. Anderson, 2 picture frames.

Mrs. A. L. Quimby, 1 handkerchief.

Mrs. A. F. Baker, infant's embroidered skirt, 2 tea cloths.

Mrs. J. P. Moore, tea cloth.

Mrs. G. L. Mosher, table cover.

Miss Annie B. Gerry, Brewer, tidy.

Mrs. Geo. Reed, crocheted collar and cuffs.

Miss Lizzie Currier, Brewer, doily, easel throw, ladies' skirts, table scarf.

Miss Cynthia A. Lurvy, So. Etna, infant's afghan.

Mrs. Levina Hammond, aged 76, hand knit lace.

Mrs. N. Henderson, tidy, 2 centrepieces, tray cloth.

Mrs. J. A. Thissel, 3 specimens silk embroidery, 3 specimens linen embroidery, 2 embroidered towels, 2 pairs embroidered pillow cases.

Mrs. John Eldridge, Hermon Centre, age 83 years, 2 patchwork quilts.

Mrs. Frank Barnes, Hermon Centre, hand woven rag carpet.

Mrs. C. W. Gould, silk and velvet quilt.

Mrs. J. F. Ford, hand knit cotton quilt.

Mrs. S. F. Hamlet, Brownville, 7 doilies, 1 tray cloth, side board cloth.

Miss F. M. Crosby, Brownville, 2 handkerchiefs.

Mrs. Harriet Eastman, Six Mile Falls, age 80 years, 2 silk quilts.

Mrs. Louise King, So. Etna, shirt.

Flora A. Thaxter, Newburg, velvet tidy, velvet sofa pillow, crocheted hood, hand knit lace, 2 needle cases, tidy.

Mrs. E. C. Dummer, age 82 years, patchwork quilt.

Mrs. M. W. Vose, 83 years, silk quilt.

Annie Ida Miles, Newburg, 15 years, 5 skeins yarn.

Mrs. M. J. Palmer, upholstered chair.

Maria E. Morgan, skirt, table cover.

Mrs. D. H. Madgett, Dexter, sideboard cloth.

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Mrs. F. N. White, specimen button-hole stitch embroidery, 1 tray cloth, sideboard scarf.

Miss Alice Farrington, Brewer, 3 specimens

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Sept. 8, 1892.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the name of the office to which it has previously been sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Somerset county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Waldo county.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Buxhan, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

The Eastern Maine State Fair management has selected as dates for the exhibition of 1893, August 29, 30, 31, and Sept. 1.

The Italian man-of-war Garigliano, having on board the statue of Christopher Columbus, presented to this country by the Italian government, arrived in quarantine in New York, Sunday afternoon.

Copies of "Agriculture of Maine," just issued, and which has previously been noticed in these columns, may be had at this office. Those ordering by mail should send twenty-two cents to pay postage.

Now that it is open time on wild birds, sportsmen carrying guns carefully covered up in cases, and loaded with hunting paraphernalia, are becoming plenty, and are frequently observed at the railroad depots making their way up river.

It will be seen on consulting our advertising columns, that the Maine Central Railroad Company has made arrangements for the annual harvest excursions to the garden spot of Maine, Aroostook county. No pleasanter excursion could well be made. Every attention will be paid to visitors, and all may be assured of a most pleasant excursion at very small expense. No more hospitable people can be found than those in Aroostook county.

The sweet poet Whitter is approaching the gates of death, and even before these lines are read by our readers may have passed over the river. On Tuesday evening his physician made this statement; "Mr. Whittier's condition has grown worse during the afternoon. He is entirely unconscious. His pulse is very rapid and feeble, and he takes very little nourishment and swallows with great difficulty. Apparently the end is not very far off."

Mrs. John A. Logan has undertaken to raise $1,000,000 from the women of this country for the American University, the national institution founded by the Methodists at Washington. The university expects to secure a fund of $10,000,000. Mrs. Logan's plan is to organize the women into State, congressional district and local leagues to co-operate with her in raising the money to aid in this great enterprise. The million dollar fund will be devoted to the benefit of women students.

As we hinted in our report last week, the show of oxen at the Eastern State Fair was simply immense. We don't remember such a superb exhibit for a long series of years. We well remember the time when the ambition of the farmer in oxen production was to raise a six-foot ox. Now no one pretends that an ox amounts to anything unless it measures plump seven feet, and figures far above that was the rule at the Bangor Fair. The working and beef oxen there were certainly a sight to behold. And they showed another very significant fact—that power was returning somewhat to the old-time method of using oxen in their farm work, instead of horses.

Mr. Daniel Hastings, who went out to Montana some six years ago and took up a sheep ranch, has now a flock of 3500 this year. He has raised up some 2500 lambs which he has sold for $3 apiece. His clip of wool was 14,000 lbs., which he sold for 24 cents per pound. Mr. William O. Straw, his brother-in-law, went out at the same time, and has now 2000 sheep. Both went with their families. Their houses are about one mile apart. Mr. Hastings, with his family, are coming to Bethel to spend the winter. The oldest son is attending school at Kent's Hill, and the oldest daughter in Boston. Mr. Straw writes that he shall be at Bethel in October to spend several weeks.

It was only a few days ago that the papers told about a pot of money found in an old cellar at Cape Elisabeth. Now Mr. A. J. Bryant of Old Orchard, has created a sensation in his neighborhood by announcing that he has found a kettle containing money buried in the sand of the beach near Pine Point. He says he was walking along the shore when he noticed a dark object in the sand. It proved to be an iron pot, that had been unearthed by the recent heavy tides. It had a cover securely fastened on, but upon breaking it open he says he found within a mass of coin of ancient date, and covered with rust. The coin bore the stamp of various foreign nations.

The State election comes off on Monday next, closing a very quiet campaign. There has been considerable speaking, very few torch light processions or demonstrations with brass bands and the blare of trumpets. So the campaign has rather been an educational and thoughtful one. It now remains for every citizen, acting up to the light he has had, to vote at the polls. No one should have a desire to shirk his duty there. Every citizen who has the protection and privileges of the government, should assume his share of the responsibilities of the same. There are plenty of parties and platforms in the field, and it seems as though all might be suited.

State Pension Agent Purington has handed between twelve and thirteen hundred applications for pensions up to date of the present year, which is some 220 less than at the same time last year. The applicants for State aid reached high water mark in 1890. Since then, owing to the passage by Congress of the dependent pension bill, which extended the bounty of the general government to a large additional number of pensioners, there has been a material falling off. The sum of $65,000 was appropriated by the State for pensions for the two years 1890 and '91, but Mr. Purington thinks that $50,000 will answer for the next two years and cover as much ground as the preceding appropriation.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad is negotiating with the Dominion Government for possession of the Inter-Colonial Railroad. At present the latter is run at a loss of over $500,000 yearly. That this loss is due mainly to mismanagement is admitted even by the chief engineer, Mr. Schriber, who says the loss is due to political influences controlling the management. The Inter-Colonial and its branches have cost the taxpayers of the Dominion about $50,000,000. The annual deficit of $500,000 represents a capital of $1,200,000 more. The annual cost of operating the Inter-Colonial system to the taxpayers of Canada, is, therefore, including interest upon cost of construction, fully $3,480,000 a year.

It was a shame that so good a show as the Eastern State Fair should be neutralised, not to say disgraced, by the various gambling devices that were permitted to hold carnival upon the grounds. There were schemes unfolded there in the way of games of chance that wouldn't stand the inspection of law for a minute, gambling contrivances flaunted in the faces of the people that are supposed to flourish only in the dark corners and underground passages of the large and corrupt cities. The farmers of the State send their sons and daughters to these agricultural exhibitions to meet the gamblers and cut-throats that flock about these places, and if they are licensed by the managers to ply their business, they will debase and demoralise any Fair. The managers of Fairs cannot afford to "join drives" with any such people for the sake of putting a little money into the treasury. If they continue to do so, the State has a remedy and may cut off the stipend. These things to which we have referred used to be as flagrant and conspicuous at the regular State Fair, but they have been happily lopped off, and the moral atmosphere cleansed.

A QUAKER MEETING. It was a calm, quiet Sabbath in August when we made our way with other worshipers to the modest, white-painted Quaker meeting house on the hill, overlooking island-gemmed Cobbosseecontee. There was just enough breeze to furnish momentum to a couple of craft that were ploughing their way westward bound (let us confidently hope) not for the inviting fishing grounds, but for the church service over to East Winthrop. Fleecy summer clouds are slowly rising athwart the summer sky, casting faint shadows on the green hillsides. The hay has been garnered into the waiting barns, and the fields appeared as smooth as a man's face after the beard has been cropped. There was the calm and quiet of nature added to the calm that always comes with the Sabbath.

From all points of the compass the people reverently wended their way to the humble meeting house on the hill, where the fathers and mothers had bowed in prayer, where glad and willing testimony had been so often given, and out of the doors of which had been borne the cold form of many a loved one to the little country cemetery.

Not as in the early days of Friends' worship do the people gather—with a partition between the fairer sex and the sterner sex; but they sit together in glad and loving fellowship, the woman taking a generous share in all the services, not to be silenced by the proscription of St. Paul or any other saint who had not got his eyes open. And did you ever hear a Quaker mother in Israel pray? There is a combination of sweetness and power; and the heart that even listens unmoved, must indeed be barren of tender feelings. The sister who leads in prayer the morning of which we speak, is advanced in years, but her face is as fair as that of a young maiden, the calm confidence of her soul not attempting to conceal itself in the unruffled and beautiful countenance. There is the expression of firm and steadfast reliance upon the promises of the Father, a warm acknowledgment of thanks, an ascription of sincere praise, a tender pleading for those who once knew the love of God, but who are now wandering on the mountains bare,

"Away from the tender shepherd's care,"

and the prayer has ended.

The sweet voice of a singer—like the voice of a bird in yonder pines, strikes up

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

and the wave of song, not demonstrative, but gentle as the breath of evening, sweeps over the little congregation. A brother bows in fervent prayer, and then another hymn of praise is sung. It is

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let us to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Then follows a plain and practical sermon on the duties and privileges of the Christian, drawn from the writings of the Psalmist. For about twenty-five years this preacher, an earnest man of God, has "stood in his lot and place," and broken the bread of life in this little country meeting house. Without a cent of worldly compensation, without money or donations, not attracted by glittering service or the pomp of impressive ceremony, this preacher of the word has labored on in his own faithful way, through summer's heat and winter's cold, without hope of gain or compensation, except in the plaudit of the Master when he cometh to make up His jewels, "well done, good and faithful servant." Who has the presumption to say that spiritual devotion and consecration have died out of the hearts of men?

Following the sermon, freedom to participate is given to the congregation, and many earnest exhortations are heard. The leader has a good word of cheer and greeting for the stranger within the gates, "the elders and sisters and other brethren shake hands all round, and the Quaker meeting had ended.

As we went out from the holy presence, the arching sky seemed to take on new beauty, and the myriad voices of nature seemed to utter the language of true praise. We thought that after all the grand cathedrals, the magnificent music of salaried choirs, the eloquent sermons from robed priests, accompanied by the most elaborate ceremony,—the best way to worship God is the simplest; that the less machinery that comes between the worshiper and his God the better; that true worship is better promoted by simple means.

Straying into the old cemetery near by, "where the fathers of the hamlet sleep," we draw an added lesson of the passing away of all things earthly, and that "there's nothing real but Heaven." This was the object of the fathers in planting the graveyard near the church, that the silent mounds might remind the gay and thoughtless of the transitory things of this life, in contrast with those heavenly things that endure forever.

"They do neither plight nor wed
In the city of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours;
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter blight and summer change,
And a hundred hopes and fears wax and wane of flowers.
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh
In the bury of by and by,
Where the streets have grasses growing, cool and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace
In the city of surcease
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun;
And the winge of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers, every one.
There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease, and know that life is done."

In Russia the cholera scourge is keeping up its deadly record, amounting to about seven thousand cases a day. At Hamburg, the total figures from the beginning of the epidemic give 7633 cases and 2518 deaths. At Voronoesh the daily average is 600 new cases and 200 deaths. The epidemic also prevails at Paris. Every precaution is being taken by our government to prevent the bringing of its disease to our shores. The mails are disinfected, and quarantine has been established at New York harbor. All incoming steamers are ordered to the lower bay. There have have been several deaths from the awful disease at quarantine. It is quite generally believed that with the strict precautions taken, and the coming of cold weather, the disease will be kept away from this country; but scientists tell us to look out for its coming next season and urge us to be prepared for its advent.

William Henry Allen, an inmate of the Minnesota Soldiers' Home, has received a notice that by the death of a brother in California he has fallen heir to a large slice of an estate valued at from $10,000,000 to $20,000,000.

Probable cause having been found by the court, Lizzie Borden has been committed to jail, to await trial in November for the murder of her father and mother at Fall River, Mass. Detectives are at work looking for new evidence.

The fall and winter term of Westbrook Seminary began Monday with an increased attendance over last year. The standard of scholarship of the seminary has been, during the recent years, materially raised.

The attempt to reopen the Andover case by instituting a new trial of the old charges against Prof. Smythe, has ended in the dismissal of the case by the board of visitors. And everybody will be glad to get rid of it.

The town of Alpine, Texas, was nearly swept away by a cloud burst, Sunday. The water in the streets was three or four feet deep.

President Harrison has published his letter of acceptance of his nomination for re-election, and in it he defines the party policy.

The Editor of the *Farmer* will attend the New Hampshire State Fair next week, acting as one of the judges on cattle.

Some of the fakirs at the Bangor Fair were caught by the police in their operations and fined.

The short but powerful rain of Tuesday morning, was a blessing in quickening the grass in the pastures.

Mrs. Harrison is reported again seriously ill.

Daniel Dougherty, the Philadelphia lawyer and orator, died Monday.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES FOR 1892-3. Secretary McKeen of the Maine State Board of Agriculture has made arrangements for the following papers from members of the board and others for the season of 1892-93:

Horse Breeding, B. F. Briggs of Auburn.
Sheep Husbandry, W. H. Vinton, Gray.
Humane Treatment of Animals, T. B. Hunter, West Freeman.
General Principles of Stock Breeding, O. Gardner, Rockland.
Fruit Culture, E. W. Stetson, Damariscotta.
Growing of Farm Crops, J. W. Greene, Bangor.
Corn and Mixed Grains, Thomas Daggett, Foxcroft.
Potato Culture, F. S. Adams Bowdoin.
The Hay Crop, W. B. Kendall, Bowdoinham.
Agriculture in our Common Schools, Prof. W. W. Stetson.
Dairy Education, G. M. Gowell, Supt. College Farm Orono.
Manures and Manuring, Prof. Walter Balentine, State College.
Human Foods, Prof. W. H. Jordan, State Experiment Station, Orono.
Construction of Country Roads, Prof. G. H. Hamlen, State College, Orono.
Insects, Prof. F. L. Harvey, State College, Orono.
Roadmaking, John M. Deering, Saco.
Relation of the Work of the Weather Bureau to Agriculture, Prof. J. Warren Smith, Boston Mass.
Advantages of the Creamery System, Prof. I. O. Winslow, St. Albans.
The Resources and Future of Aroostook County, Hon. Edward Wiggin, Mayaville Centre.
A paper on Dairying, J. W. Ricker, Auburn.
The subject of Home Sanitation will be discussed either by Dr. Charles E. Smith, or Dr. A. K. Meserve. The new insect pests that have been introduced into the State during the past few years, and which are doing much damage will also be treated by competent hands.

DEATH OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. George William Curtis died at 2.30 Wednesday morning, Aug. 31, at his residence in West Brighton, Staten Island. He was conscious up to the last and his death was very peaceful. The nature of Mr. Curtis' disease has never been determined. It was announced some time ago that he was suffering from cancer of the stomach, but the physicians who attended him could not agree that his death was of a cancerous nature.

Mr. Curtis was born in Providence, Feb. 24, 1824. One year of his early career was passed as clerk for a New York mercantile house. In 1842 he with an elder brother was placed in the famous Brook Farm Socialistic institution at Roxbury. In 1846 he went to Europe, and in 1850 he published "Nile Notes of a Howadji." In 1853 he issued "The Howadji in Syria." During this time he connected himself with the New York *Tribune* and was one of the editors of *Putnam's Monthly*. When the latter failed he became a lecturer and in 1858 began writing the "Editor's Easy Chair," for *Harper's Magazine*. He was a staunch Republican during and after the war, taking an active part in politics. He opposed Grant's nomination for a third term and when Mr. Blaine was nominated supported Mr. Cleveland becoming practically the leader of the so-called "mugwump" faction. He was the editor of *Harpers' Weekly*, President of the Board Regent University of New York and has published among other works: "Lotus Eating," "The Potiphar Papers," "Prue and I" and "Trumps." The funeral of Mr. Custis took place Friday afternoon. It was strictly private. The remains were placed in a vault in the old Moravian church at New Dorp.

DEATH OF OTIS KALER. Mr. Otis Kaler, the well-known landlord of the Kirkwood House at Scarboro, and a winter resident of Portland, died at Scarboro suddenly on Thursday of last week. Mr. Kaler was 76 years old, a native of Waldoboro. When a young man he moved to Winterport and for two sessions represented that town in the State legislature; and in 1861 represented Winterport in the Senate. On the outbreak of the war, he enlisted and was promoted to be a lieutenant in the 26th Maine Regiment. He moved to Scarboro 23 years ago and became proprietor of the Kirkwood House, which he retained ever since. He represented the town of Scarboro in the legislature at the two last sessions that the town had a representative there. He was elected city solicitor of Portland in 1863, on the committee to audit the accounts of the State treasurer in 1891. He was a prominent Odd Fellow, and was at one time Grand Master of the order in this State. He was a member of the Portland Yacht Club, and of the Portland. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Maria Thompson of Winterport, and three children, Mrs. F. D. Pulien of Bangor, Colonel Edgar Kaler of Portland, author of note, who writes over the name "James Otis," and John M. Kaler, the proprietor of the Southgate House at Prout's Neck. In the legislature, "Uncle Otis," as he was familiarly known, was very popular for his genial qualities. He tried once to get the legislature to buy snow shovels in order that the members might shovel their way to the capitol. The suggestion took the hint, and after that the sidewalks were well kept. He was also the originator of the "stamp act" which made so much fun four years ago. Mr. Kaler, a few years ago, bought Chebeague Island at Bryant's Pond and kept it for some years.

LABOR DAY. By virtue of legislative enactment, Monday was "Labor Day" in Maine, in common with the celebration of that event throughout New England. The most elaborate celebration in Maine was at Lake Auburn, where thousands of people gathered. In the five-mile race, James H. Wright of Bath, the colored pedestrian, won in 40 minutes. W. H. Lloyd of Boston was the second in the 10 mile handicap. Division of the address sports were resumed. The double working boat race, three crews, drew positions as follows: First, O'Brien and Paine; second, Keenan and Jack O'Brien; third, Black and McDonald; fourth, Portland. The course was two and one-half miles and turn. Keenan and O'Brien went off at the lead and maintained it for a quarter of a mile. They were passed by O'Brien and Paine, who kept the lead, finishing with a slow stroke, 10 lengths ahead. Time not given.

At Portland there was a parade, participated in by the various trades Unions. They made a fine appearance as they marched up Congress street, and were greeted by thousands of people. Each body was represented by 25 to 75 men. Banners with appropriate inscriptions were carried by each union.

There was also a large and fine procession at Lewiston. Other places celebrated the event in a smaller way.

DEATH OF JUDGE CLEAVES. Hon. Nathan B. Cleaves died at 11 30 A. M., Monday, at the Falmouth Hotel, Portland, of acute Bright's disease, after two weeks' sickness, at the age of 67 years, 9 months. Nathan B. Cleaves was the son of Thomas and Sophia Cleaves of Bridgton, and was born Jan. 9, 1835. He prepared for college at Portland Academy and graduated at Bowdoin College in 1858. He read law with the well known firm of Howard & Strout of Portland and was admitted to the bar of Cumberland county in April, 1861. He commenced practice in Bowdoinham, but removed to Portland in 1863 and formed a law partnership with Hon. L. D. Sweat, then member of Congress. This relation continued until July 1864, when he entered into partnership with the late Judge Howard, which firm was terminated by Judge Howard's death in 1877. He married May 10, 1865, Caroline, the accomplished daughter of Judge Howard, who died at Augusta, in 1875. He was elected city solicitor of Portland in 1869, was a member of the State legislature from Portland in 1871 and 1875, and judge of probate for Cumberland county from 1876 to 1880. He was a candidate for Congress against Thomas B. Reed in 1884, and was surveyor of the port of Portland in 1885. Judge Cleaves was a brother of Hon. Henry E. Cleaves, republican candidate for Governor.

SEVENTH MAINE BATTERY ASSOCIATION. This body of survivors of the war held their annual re-union at Grand Army Hall in this city yesterday. The following officers were elected:

President—Wm. B. Lapham.
Vice President—C. V. Richards.
Secretary—Frank S. Wade.
Treasurer—W. O. Carney.
Executive Committee—A. S. Twitchell, A. M. Carter, Chas. Lapham.
Dinner was partaken of at the Cony House.
The next meeting is to be held at Bethel Hill, the time to be fixed by the President.
The State House grounds and other places of interest were visited by the members.

The unfinished races in the Eastern Maine State Fair were completed Saturday morning. Cobden Boy, owned by H. G. Fox of Auburn, won the 2.00 class for trotters and pacers in three straight heats, one of which was trotted Friday about dark. In the 2.37 class, Sultan Jr., won one heat Friday and Nicwa two. Fred Wilkes, owned by Nelson of Waterville, got three straight heats Saturday morning, thus winning the race.

Mr. Alden Sprague has leased for the next season his elegant new cottage at East Lake, Cobbosseecontee, to Mr. Henry Lewis of St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Lewis married the daughter of Mr. A. G. Laughlin of this city.

Maine State Fair.

The thirty-first annual State Fair opened at Lewiston on Tuesday, Sept. 6, with everything in good order. The long list of entries of stock published in the *Farmer* of last week showed the extent and character of the exhibition in this direction and gave full evidence that the people coming to the Fair would find something to see. Nearly all the entries were represented on the grounds, together making a collection larger than has been seen at any fair of the society for many years. Every cattle stall on the grounds is full, and still other entries were refused for want of room. The same is true in the horse department and stables are leased outside for the overflow. The sheep pens are also all filled and with the finest collection of this important class of stock that has ever been shown on these grounds. It is truly a magnificent showing, and we shall refer in detail to the different breeds and the individual contributions in our next issue. The exhibit is large enough and good enough to command more attention than can be given it at this opening day.

The agricultural implements, carriage and miscellaneous departments are well filled and will form an important part of the exhibition. Exhibition Hall is unusually well filled and with exhibits of an important as well as interesting character.

The Pomological Society have a larger exhibit than ever in the upper hall, the floral and plant display being on a grand scale and of a high order. The vegetable and farm product department, though not so beautifully attractive, yet in real merit has much to call for attention from visitors. The Leeds Grange is setting up a fine show and one that will do credit to its members.

The following is the list of officers and department superintendents, all of whom are on duty and are assisted by an able force all of whom are familiar with their work and attentive to its requirements.

President—Col. S. G. Jerrard, Kenduskeag.
Secretary—G. M. Twitchell, Augusta.
Treasurer—E. G. Eveleth, Auburn.
Trustee—Alonzo Libby, Westbrook; Geo. O. Batley, Belfast; H. Wesley Hutchins, Auburn; A. J. Libby, Embden.
General Superintendent—S. G. Jerrard.
Department Superintendents—tickets, H. Wesley Hutchins; horses, Alonzo Libby; stock, A. J. Libby; halls, Geo. O. Bailey.

CATTLE.

The cattle all arrived on the ground in good time. Many of the collections came from Bangor direct on Saturday, all others arriving during the day and evening of Monday. Superintendent A. J. Libby was at his post in person to receive them on arrival and direct those having them in charge to the stalls all in readiness for their reception, and this work, so frequently full of confusion, was conducted like clock work and with the result that all hands were good natured and satisfied, and many were the praises heard of Mr. Libby for cattle superintendent.

The cattle throughout all breeds and classes are of unusually high merit and in better condition than has frequently at previous shows of the society been the case. There is plainly to be seen that there is still room for improvement yet, our breeders are gaining knowledge from their experience and are improving their work as the years go on. Especially have they improved their individual merit with an hand in hand with better feeding, and that it is only when the two are combined that cattle suitable for the show ring, and that will carry off ribbons, and do their owners credit, are brought out. The show yard is a grand place to take lessons in stock breeding.

Oxen.—Unexpected to all, the oxen make a grand showing. There has been more in number of this class shown at former State exhibitions, but we are quite safe in saying there were never more of the monstrous in weight, congregated on the grounds at one time, than are here found at this exhibition. The younger pairs are also of a high order of merit.

Cumberland county has long been noted for the fine oxen she has sent to Fairs, the number ever shown in the State came from Gorham, shown by I. S. Johnson and of the following weights:

1 pair, girth 8 ft., 5 in.....4,960 lbs.
1 pair, girth 7 ft., 11 in.....4,425 lbs.
1 pair, girth 7 ft., 9 in.....4,095 lbs.
1 pair, girth 7 ft., 9 in.....5,380 lbs.
1 pair, girth 7 ft., 8 in.....4,655 lbs.
1 pair, girth 7 ft., 4 in.....3,564 lbs.
1 pair, girth 7 ft., 3 in.....3,600 lbs.

An average of over one ton to an ox for the whole team.

The large exhibitors of the Herefords are: H. C. Burleigh of Vassalboro, who has 40 head—10 pairs of oxen and 10 pairs of steers. Ten of the latter took on the scale. The largest pair of oxen weighs 4600 lbs., the next 4300 lbs., the others 4000 lbs. and 3700 lbs. each. Largest pair girths 8 ft., 2 in.

Libby and Son & Blake of Oakland has 49 head—8 pairs of oxen and 5 pairs of steers, one year old; 3 bulls, 14 cows and heifers.

The largest pair weighs.....4,200 lbs.
The next.....4,000 lbs.
The next.....3,880 lbs.
The next.....3,700 lbs.
The next 2 pairs, each.....3,700 lbs.
The next 2 pairs, each.....3,600 lbs.
The other.....3,550 lbs.

Girth from 7 ft., 6 in., to 8 ft., 2 in.

M. M. Bailey of Winthrop has 13 head, all Herefords, 3 bulls, 3 heifers, one calf. Every animal nice and smooth.

Geo. H. Jones & Son of Sabatis have 9 head—7 cows and heifers, and 2 bulls. One bull, 3 years old, girths 6 ft., 10 in., and 3 years old, girths 6 ft., 9 in.

B. F. Hilton of Starks has 2 bulls—1 bull, Onward, one year old, and one bull, Grover, 6 months old. Both nice.

Hon. Marshall Soon of Fayette have 3 full blood Herefords and 4 grades. One Hereford bull 4 yrs. old girth 7 ft. 4 in. One bull calf Nero, girth 4 ft. 9in. One thoroughbred cow, Pentele 8 yrs. old very fine and nice calves, girth 4 ft., 10 in., nicely matched.

E. E. & C. K. Glie of Fayette one pair 2 yrs. old very nice ones.

Shorthorns.—The Durhams, are represented by the following: R. & C. D. Waugh of Starks has 10 head—3 bulls, 3 cows, 3 heifer calves. One bull girth 7 ft. 2 in. One bull 23 months old, Dominion, imported from Canada, girths 6 ft. 2 in.

Howard and Ellis of Fairfield, have 9 head all thoroughbred—2 bulls, 4 cows, 3 heifers. One bull calf 7 months old girth 4 ft. 7 in.

F. J. Fletcher of Starks has 7 head—One bull, 2 cows, 3 heifers, and one heifer calf. One bull 9 months old, girth 5 ft. 2 in. Very nice ones.

Gilman Bros., of Foxcroft have 2 head—One heifer and one calf. Nice animals.

This breed of stock is not so numerous in the State as formerly, but a few breeders still hold on to their favorites and are keeping up the standard of excellence. Ellis of Fairfield have been found in the show ring with this breed of stock, ever since the society has been in existence. A State Fair with them left out would be wanting an important feature. Their stock is of the milking type of the breed and are accepted as valuable as general purpose cattle.

The Messrs. Waugh are taking much pains and are putting out no small money to build up the merit of their herd. Their old bull is a specially fine animal, and all of their stock is in good condition.

Mr. Fletcher has stock of similar breeding to that of the Messrs. Waugh, and he has some fine samples of the breed.

Herefords are not in so large numbers as sometimes has been the case, some of the former exhibitors of this stock not being represented. Among that shown are animals as good samples of their breed as there are in the country.

Jerseys.—Jerseys are out in full numbers there being nearly two hundred head in the stalls, about equally divided between the Maine register and the Cattle Club. Certainly there are many good ones among them giving evidence that the breeders of this stock are improving their stock from year to year.

B. F. & F. H. Briggs have 16 head, 6 cows 3 3-year-old heifers, 3 2-year-old heifers, 3-one-year-old heifers, 2 heifer calves, 1 bull, Son of St Lambert, 2-years-old.

C. F. Cobb, Mt. Pleasant Farm Vassalboro is the largest and one of the most enterprising exhibitors of Jerseys shown in State. He believes in the best and is willing to put out his money to secure it. He shows 26 head, 13 cows, 10 heifers, 3 bulls, and 1 bull calf. His herd is headed by that noted Tennessee bull Fancy's Harry 7th for which Mr. Cobb paid big money.

W. C. Whitman of So. Turner has 13 M. S. Jerseys, 7 cows, 3 heifers, 2 1-year-old heifers, 1 bull calf.

Mr. Whitman breeds for the business cow.

F. D. Grover of Bean's Corner has 9 head—1 bull, 3 years old, Pine Tree Pogis, 4 cows, 4 heifers. All registered stock, and a very good herd.

Richard Johnson of Turner has four head—3 cows and 2 heifers, descendants of the well known 13 pounds-a-week Johnson, formerly from a dairy herd shown in the fair, and one of the best cows ever owned in the State. These now shown give evidence of being brought into the world for business.

J. F. Buker, Bowdoin, is one of the breeders who has been found in the rings only one year, but from appearances will be found there again. He has 16 head—7 cows, 3 bulls, 4 heifers, 2 calves.

S. M. King, Kingfield Farm, So. Paris, is an old stager in the rings, and is on hand with 15 head of cattle, Club Jerseys. Fresh from laurels won at the New England Fair, his herd is making a fine show. No man in the State has taken more pains in the selection of blood than has Mr. King, and his herd is now made up of the real gilt-edged pedigree of the breed. His choice has been the world noted Stoke Pogis strain, and his herd is now largely made up of this line of breeding. At the same time he also keeps Jerseys for the butter product, and while he has been exacting as pedigree he has not overlooked the importance of performance as well, for there is where a goodly measure of the income is realized. He has 4 bulls, 3 cows, 4 heifers and 4 calves.

A. P. Russell of Leeds is on hand with 20 head—Maine State Jerseys, a good herd for business right through. He has 5 cows, 8 heifers, 5 calves and 2 bulls.

Jas. B. Reed, Bowdoinham, has long been noted as one of the most successful butter makers in Sagadahoc county, and of course could not do it without Jerseys. His stock is Maine State, and he has a draft from his herge of 13 animals on exhibition from his herd, 2 bulls, 6 cows, 2 heifers and 3 calves.

B. F. & F. H. Briggs, Auburn, make their usual exhibit of Jerseys.

Ayrshires are exhibited by Alonzo Libby of Westbrook, who has 15 head—3 bulls, 5 cows, 5 heifers, 2 calves; one 5-year-old bull, weight 1,600 lbs.

Herman Corbett of Farmington, has 5 head, all registered stock—one bull, 2 2-year-old heifers, 2 1-year-old heifers.

Moses King, Jr., of Lewiston, has 3 head. The Gsearneys are by F. C. Dunning of Harpswell, who has 8 head—1 bull, 2 cows, 4 heifers, one calf.

D. W. Clark of Cape Elizabeth, has 8 head—2 bulls, 4 cows, and 2 heifers, all registered stock.

D. B. Wiley of Greene, has 6 head—3 cows, one 1-year-old heifer, and 2 heifer calves.

A. A. Oakes, Farmington Falls, 4 head—2 bulls, one cow, 2 heifers, one bull, 7 months old, Sir Andrew, nice.

The Guernseys are emphatically a butter breed. They are not yet very numerous in the State, but are gradually making their way into the favor of our butter dairymen. A larger number of the breed are seen at the show this year than ever before and they make an attractive as well as a creditable showing.

Holsteins are out in full force and make a grand feature of the cattle attractions. Large in size, striking in color and markings, lofty in their bearing, there are no cattle in the show that are more attractive to the throngs of visitors that are at all times found around the cattle stalls.

A. C. Chandler, of New Gloucester, is a new comer with this stock, and enters the ring with 10 head of fine animals, 2 bulls, 4 cows, 4 heifers, all choice.

R. & G. A. Russell, Readfield, are also fresh arrivals in this line, and come in with 9 head, 5 cows, 1 heifer, 2 calves, and a noble bull carrying the avoirdupois of 1950 lbs., and never has eaten a bushel of meal of any kind.

F. J. Libby, Richmond, is another name not familiar among exhibitors of this stock. He comes with a herd of 15 head.

L. T. Carville, Lewiston, 13 head, all registered—bulls, calves and one 2 years old; one girths 7 ft., 6 in., and one 6 ft., 6 in.; 7 cows 2 heifers.

S. S. Stevens, Auburn, has 2 calves, 4 and 6 months old.

The Devons are another breed never numerous in the State. Still we have a few breeders who recognize their merits and have herds representative of the breed. Their smooth points and solid uniform marking, being red color, give them a uniform appearance, while their general purpose characteristics are a measure of merit in their favor

Devons are shown by L. H. Maxim, West Sumner, who has 14 head stock from N. Y., Conn., N. H.,—4 bulls, 2 cows, 6 heifers and 2 calves. The one-year-old bull girths 6 ft.

C. B. Gilman of Solon has 7 head, one bull and 6 cows. He has recently lost 7 head by fire.

The Sussex by T. G. Burliegh of Vassalboro who has 5 cows and one bull. Also some by H. C. Burleigh.

Grade Stock.—J. T. & J. C. Jordan of Sabatis have 6 head, grade Durham, and one pair calves girth 4 ft., 9 in.

J. A. Robinson, Mt. Vernon, has one pair of oxen 5 years old, girth 8 ft., 3 in., fat.

J. P. Davis, Vienna, has one pair grade Hereford, 3-year-old steers very nicely matched.

G. G. Fish, Oakland, has 14 head grade Hereford 10 head of oxen, 2 cows and 2 calves, one pair 3-year-olds girth 7 ft.

John M. Weaver of Belgrade, has 4 head, one pair of twin steers, grade Durhan nicely matched, one year old; one cow and one calf.

Wm. Ellsworth, Greene, has 3 head; 2 cows, and 1 one year old heifer, girth 5 ft. 6 ins.

W. J. Allen of Turner, has one pair grade Durham, very large and nice.

E. A. Hilton, Anson, has 1 pair steers, calves, 8 months old, grade Hereford, girth 5 ft., 9 in., weight per pair 1350 pounds, nice; also 2 cows, grade Durham.

B. F. Hilton, Anson, 1 pair 3-year-old steers, grade Hereford, girth 7 ft., weight per pair, 3100 pounds.

HORSES.

The stalls are completely filled with representative Maine horses. An especial feature this year is the number of young horses entered, and individual exhibitors show a string of from three to seven.

J. S. Sanborn, Elmwood Farm, of Lewiston Junction, at his stable, shows the imported French Coach horse, Gemare 134, with a stall full of his get, including Lothair, Captain Osmar, Lucie, Wakefield, Clementine, Polly French, owned by W. B. French of Boston, Gemare, Jr., Brownare, Naggie, owned by C. D. Sias of Boston, Heller and Edna, owned by Mr. Rice, Boston; also 7 colts by Gemare, a fine showing from a horse well suited to the public needs, and showing a breed to be bred to advantage by Maine horse farmers.

Maple Grove Farm, Auburn, B. F. & F. H. Briggs, have Messenger Wilkes (3754) 2 23, Ben V. (8940) 2.20¾, Warrener, full brother to Sunol, Rocketeller, Sir William, Gem Briggs, 2 35¾, Grenadier, Cavalier, Palm, Sadie L., full sister to Nelson, not yet trained.

Wilkes blood is well represented, for T. G. Burleigh of Vassalboro has St. Patrick, a grandson of Wilkes and Grandmother Knox, Wm. C. Marshall, Wilkesmont 2.28¾, at Bangor, '92, by Kaiser, by Gen. Wilkes; also Haroldson 2 31½ by Prescott.

A. C. Frost of Lisbon, Leo Wilkes and Glen. Wilkes by Bayard Wilkes.

D. J. McGillicuddy, Lewiston, Alice Wilkes by Bayard Wilkes.

C. P. Drake, Bell Boy by Bayard Wilkes, and Bayard Wilkes 2 25¼.

John Noble, Lewiston, shows a mare, with sucking colt by Bayard Wilkes.

S. B. Smith, Auburn, Crescent Wilkes by Messenger Wilkes; also Sprite, 1 year old. By The Seer, and out of the same horse.

A. R. Briery, Richmond, Max Wilton, 2 years, by Messenger Wilkes, and McAllister by Denver.

Wm. Hill, Springfield, Mass., Commodore Barry by Loyal Wilkes, by Gen. Wilkes.

S. D. Blaisdell, Augusta, Morris Wilkes by Nelson's Wilkes.

A. E. Sawyer, Norridgewock, shows Lungs, Jr., by Lungs, by Gen. Wilkes. This horse has 9 of his colts in the 2 30 list, and 3 in the 2.20 list.

Union Stock Farm, North Vassalboro, Ambassador Kaiser, by Gen. Wilkes, and Cedric by Black Pilot.

J. A. Davidson, Waterville, Nelson Wilkes by Wilkes, dam Stella Rolfe by Nelson.

Patrick Kane has Prince Wilkes.

M. T. Pooler brings a string of fine horses from Skowhegan, Trd Jefferson 2 32¾, by Alexander Jefferson, Mahlon, Saxon 2 30¾, Ella Stanley by Redwood, Von Ali 30 by Ali So, Carl Redwood by Redwood, Redwood by Belmont, Arthur Cleveland by Alcantara, Ali So by Blackwood, Nina S by Ali So, and Hope So and More So by the Black Horse Boone by Dan'l Boone, dam by Ali So.

Barrett Bros., Sumner and Deering, have in their string, Sir Junius, Artemus Jr., Westland by Col. West, and Col. West, Westland Jr., by Westland, Kaleen, and 4 yearlings, 3 years old, 1, 2 years old, 1 sucker all by Westland.

A. J. Libby of Gardiner brings from the Pine Tree Stock Farm, Arrival, 2.34½, by Charlie Wilkes, Young Pilot by Black Pilot, Frenchman 2 30 at Bangor '92, Pine Tree Wilkes, and Fisher Boy, May Day, Daniel Wilkes, Ethel Wilkes, K

er.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Baking Powder

TELY PURE

Items of Maine News.

Ephraim Snow, one of Rockland's oldest and best citizens, died Saturday, aged 84.

The body of missing Patrick Kearns has been found in the river at Bangor. It is supposed he was accidentally drowned.

Israel Boothby of North Limerick, who fell from a load of wood a few days ago, died Monday from the effects of the amputation of his leg. He leaves a family.

A loss at sea is announced of the British schooner May Gibson, Capt. Sabean, from Portland, Aug. 16, for Demerara. Some of the crew were saved.

Charles Healy, a French Canadian, aged 25, an employé in the Jay Bridge pulp mill, was instantly killed by the bursting of a grinder, Friday.

The Abbot people have raised sufficient money to complete their dam across the river at the Lower Village, and work will be commenced in a short time.

The shoe and hat store of W. M. Parse at Searsport was entered Tuesday night by burglars and a box of rubber boots and several pairs of ladies' shoes were carried away.

F. Seymour Nichols, long a prominent man in Portland, holding official positions there, died in Washington last week, aged about 67 years.

J. D. Bird and Edward Tuttle, alleged confidence men, in a hearing Saturday, at Farmington, were held by Judge Chandler in five hundred dollars for the September term of court and were committed to jail.

The Dover Observer says Mr. Lewis L. Bradbury, once a resident of Foxcroft, and son of Mrs. N. P. Smith, formerly of Garland, recently died in California, leaving an estate estimated at $3,000,000.

Miss Etta Mitchell, of Glenburn, was found dead in her bed Thursday morning. She was in the best of health when she retired the night before, and the cause of the sudden death was doubtless heart disease. She was 46 years of age.

The People's National bank, with a $50,000 capital, was organized at Belfast, Tuesday. The directors are: L. A. Knowlton, president; E. F. Hanson, Chas. Baker, James Pattee, R. F. Dunton, S. Kalish, Calvin Austin.

A telegram received Friday night from Green's Landing stated they had found the body of William Robinson, of Camden, who committed suicide by jumping overboard from his fishing vessel. The cause was domestic troubles. His age was 50 years and he leaves a widow and four children.

Mrs. Sadie Leonard, formerly of Rockland, employed as a writer at the Oakland pavilion near Portland was stabbed with a small pocket knife by her husband, Wednesday night, reports the *Portland Press*. Her injuries are not serious. The husband, Thomas Leonard, is held for trial.

Mr. C. V. Baker, of Bangor, died very suddenly Sunday at Lake Side Camp Ground, of heart disease. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss and hosts of friends in that vicinity. Mr. Baker had been a great sufferer with heart trouble for years. He was head cook at the City Farm till his health failed him.

The shyest game in Maine is Nadeau, the Aroostook outlaw, who is still around his old haunts at Fort Kent, still unmolested. The officers hope to catch him off his guard, but have been a long time trying it. Meanwhile Nadeau enjoys the distinction of being the only man in Maine who can't be arrested.

Charles Hansand, a highly and respected citizen of East Jefferson, was found dead in his barn Friday night. He was doing chores and was gone longer than usual. His wife became anxious and went to see what the cause might be and there found him dead. He leaves a widow and four children.

A disagreement has resulted between the adjuster of the insurance companies who had the loss on the Dr. Fitzgerald residence in Dexter, and the owner, over the amount of damage, and law suits may result. The adjusters offered $1150, but the doctor either wants the full $3 200 or that the companies shall put the residence in as good shape as it was in before the fire.

Notice is given by the lighthouse board that Sept. 30 the characteristic of the steam whistle at Libby's islands light station, entrance to Machias bay, Maine, will be changed to blasts of two seconds duration, separated by alternate silent intervals of four to 18 seconds, thus: Blast, four seconds; silent interval, four seconds; blast, four seconds; silent interval, 18 seconds.

Monday night of last week the stores of R. G. Goding and R. C. Bryant of Bretton's Mills were entered by burglars. They got no money, as the merchants took that home with them. The money drawer was open in each store. About $15 worth of tobacco, cigars and small articles were taken. Monday afternoon two strange men bought a bunch of matches in every store in town.

Rev. G. S. Chadbourne, Presiding Elder of the Massachusetts Methodist Episcopal district, who has been spending the summer at Squirrel Island, was arrested last week and is now in Wiscasset. He will be charged with forming a bogus electric motor and storage company. His friends claim that he is the innocent victim of designing parties. He has since been released from jail on bail.

The work of laying the foundation of the new woolen mill at Guilford, was commenced Monday. D. Huff of Dexter has charge of the stone work. In spite of the large number of houses erected this year, rents are in great demand. A new street has been laid out on the north bank of the river near the depot on land owned by R. Turner and Mrs. Hobart, and several building lots have been sold out.

Patents have been granted William R. Close, Bangor, for signal; Phil. H. Holmes, five patents, as follows: composition of matter for journal bearings, composition of matter, electrical conductor and manufacturings, composition for journal bearings; Charles E. Scrimegour & Gildard, Lewiston, mechanism for wrapping warp chain; Charles L. Waldron, Portland, plate and pan lifter; George E. Wallace, Belfast, apparatus or machine for cleaning bottles.

Gen. Henry Prince, who committed suicide by shooting at Morley's Hotel, London, was a native of Eastport. He was a graduate at West Point, and was soon appointed Brevet 2d Lieutenant in the 4th U. S. Infantry. After the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion appointed Brigadier General of the U. S. Volunteers. He held the rank of Lieut.-Colonel at the time of his retirement. He was stationed at Boston, New York, and finally at San Francisco. He had traveled extensively in Europe. He was 81 years of ago.

C. W. Morrison of Ellsworth, who has been interested in extensive lumbering operations in the Rangeley region, has bonded a 40,000 acre tract of land in the towns of Albany and Woodstock, Oxford county, estimated to contain 300 million feet of spruce. Mr. Morrison has been in Boston and New York interesting capitalists in the enterprise, and a stock company will be formed at once to operate it. A mill for manufacturing lumber of about 30 millions yearly capacity will be erected this fall at the terminus of the proposed railroad, and a large force of cars will be put to work.

Henry Upton, Esq., one of the oldest and most respected citizens of the town, died Monday at his residence in Norway village. A few minutes before his death he had a talk with one of the clergymen of the place who had called to see him, in which he said that when he died he wished to go suddenly. His wish was granted. Before the minister had left the house Mr. Upton had dropped from his chair in death. He had been sick for several months with dropsy. At one time he was a law partner of Judge William Wirt Virgin. He has done a large amount of pension claim and probate business.

Coroner Llewellyn Parks, Wednesday, caused a jury to be summoned at Pittsfield, in the case of the unknown man killed Tuesday on the railroad. The jury composed of Abel Davis, F. D. Jenkins, C. B. Haskell, H. A. Libby, A. S. Cornforth, Elisha Murray, after several witnesses were examined made up the following verdict: "We find that an unknown man came to his death on the 30th day of August, A. D. 1892, in the town of Pittsfield near the scoop tank near the Burnham line by injuries sustained from falling or jumping from the forward platform of the baggage car of train No. 39 while said train was in motion at a high rate of speed. No blame is attached to the railroad company."

The annual reunion of the Fourth Maine Regiment and Second Battery was held Tuesday in Magnolia hall, Camden. Seventy were present of the Fourth Maine veterans, and forty-seven of the battery. Col. Eilsah Walker, Somerville, Mass., the old colonel of the Fourth Maine, was present, also Gen. James A. Hall, Damariscotta, Gen. J. P. Cilley, Gen. Davis Tillson Rockland. Lieut. L. D. Carver, of Rockland, was chosen president; Gen. Davis Tillson and Oliver Conant, vice presidents; Robert Anderson, secretary and treasurer. Some two hundred were given dinner and supper by Camden citizens. The veterans marched, were photographed, had a public meeting in the evening at the Methodist church, and it was the best time they ever had.

The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is not accidental but is the result of careful study and experiment by educated pharmacists.

Items of General News.

The Muncie, Ind., Architectural Iron Works were burned Wednesday night. Loss $175,000; insurance $38,000.

It is estimated that Arkansas Democrats elected their candidate for Governor Monday by 10,000 majority.

At the Vermont State election, Tuesday, the republican ticket was carried by about 21,000 majority.

Talt Hall, a Kentucky desperado, was hanged at Wise Court House, Va., at noon, Friday. He has murdered no less than twenty men.

At Rhinelander, Wis., the saw mills, Thursday, were practically in the hands of a mob of strikers. All the mills are closed and 1900 men are idle.

A London dispatch says the scarlet fever which has been raging in London for a long time past, shows no sign of abatement. Thursday there were 3555 cases of this disease in the hospitals there.

The leading tobacco houses in Louisville, Ky., have formed a combine with a capital of $3,500,000 to compete with the Cincinnati Tobacco Trust. The name of the new trust is the Leaf Tobacco Company.

Judge Bond has appointed Franklin B. David, Lawrence, receiver of the Order of Safety, a short term endowment order, with a bond of $10,000. The receiver was appointed on the petition of several members.

Aunt Keziah Randall, the famous centenarian of Mattapoisett, Mass., died Friday morning. She was born in Rochester, Sept. 5, 1789. She was probably the oldest woman in Massachusetts.

During the temporary absence of postmaster Tice at noon, Thursday, the postoffice at Perth Amboy, N. J., was entered by thieves, who got away with $175 in cash and $1600 worth of postage stamps. There is no clue.

The steamer Western Reserve, bound for Cleveland, Ohio, broke in two off An Sable banks near Deer Park, Mich., last week and 26 persons were drowned. Harry Stewart of Algonac, Mich., was saved. Two bodies were washed ashore.

The Nebraska State Bank of Crete, Neb., closed its doors Friday. The bank was capitalized at $50,000 and recently reorganized. George B. Stevens held the controlling interest. He left for Chicago, August 22, and his whereabouts are unknown.

Thursday night, three miles north of Steubenville, O., George Skinner, a farm hand, shot and killed George Leitner, his employer, and fatally wounded Leitner's wife and her mother. He then blew out his own brains.

In accordance with the injunction of the court of chancery of New Jersey, restraining Port Reading Railroad from using or operating railroads and other property of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, the latter, Wednesday, again resumed control of its property and franchises.

The grand jury at Pittsburg, Pa., Monday, found a true bill against Alexander Bergmann, anarchist, for an attempt to murder H. C. Frick, of the Carnegie Steel Company. The extreme penalty for all the counts in the indictments will amount to 30 years.

H. C. Aitken, private banker of Tottenham, Ont., has disappeared and the Bank of Hamilton is in charge of his bank. It is not thought the depositors in Aitken's bank will lose much. Aitken had the confidence of the community, and his disappearance caused a great sensation.

A big combination of the rubber interests of the country has been announced. The new trust will be known as the New York Belting & Packing Company. The trust embraces 15 factories and will control the markets of the world. Mr. T. D. McClintonds of Cleveland, O. was elected president.

William Lively, a farmer, aged about 38, living at North Valley, two miles from Pepperell, Mass., shot and killed his wife Thursday forenoon. Then he went to a neighbor's house, said his wife was sick, returned to his house and shot himself in the head inflicting a fatal wound. The cause of the tragedy is unknown.

The Allan Steamship Company asks for a contradiction of the report sent out from Ottawa to the effect that Russian Jews and other foreign emigrants prevented from going to the United States are being diverted to Canadian ports. The Allan steamers are closed against all except British and Scandinavian emigrants.

The Russian Jews who have been waiting in Paris two weeks for the arrival of funds to permit them to proceed to Canada, started Friday for Dieppe, whence they will sail for Canada. It can be stated that their ultimate destination is the United States and their object in sailing for Canada is simply to escape the quarantine restation at the various United States ports.

Rev. Sam Small, the noted temperance evangelist, has been in the neighborhood of Vincennes, Ind., for several days, expounding prohibition. Monday night, at Hazleton, a crowd of 3000 people met at the meeting which Mr. Small had been invited to address. Mr. Small went to the hotel, and was about to retire, when some scoundrel fired a revolver through the window, hitting Mr. Small in the thigh, and producing a serious wound.

The committee in charge of the preliminary arrangements for the celebration for the 350th anniversary of the discovery of San Diego Bay on September 28th, has received a dispatch for Governor Torres of Lower California stating that President Diaz of Mexico will send his finest military band to take part in the celebration. Governor Torres and staff, together with a company of Mexican troops, will be present on that occasion.

A dispatch from Jerusalem dated Aug. 30, says the track of the railway between Jerusalem and Jaffa has at last been completed, and the first through train over the road arrived in this city from Jaffa two days ago. There has been great rejoicing here and all points concerned, and the ancient city, associated with so many sacred memories, is now open to tourists by the most modern means of travel. The completion of this road marks an era in the history of Palestine.

Judge Allen of the supreme court, Friday, was asked by lawyer Qua of Lowell to grant a preliminary injunction restraining A. M. & J. A. Wainwright of the Order of the Rising Sun Endowment from prosecuting a suit in the supreme court against Walter S. Carson and others, which has been instituted to recover an alleged preference. The court declined to issue the injunction, but ordered the assignees to file answer Sept. 16, and set the case for hearing Sept. 20.

A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph company says that the claim put forward by the Sultan's troops that they were victorious in the fighting that occurred with the Anghera tribesmen on Monday, is entirely unfounded. Instead of the Sultan's forces having defeated the rebels, it appears that they were defeated, with heavy loss. It is said now that the 260 of the Sultan's troops fell into the hands of the tribesmen, and that the latter's loss was very small. The troops are again leaving Tangier, and another battle is expected.

A riot at the Garfield Park race, Chicago, late Tuesday afternoon, resulted in three men being fatally shot. One of the victims was J. M. Brown, a well known horseman, reported to be worth $600,000. Other two men were police officers named John Powell and Henry McDowell. Monday the races were stopped and scores of spectators and bookmakers arrested. While attempting a repetition of the riot, Tuesday Officer Powell was shot and instantly killed by Brown. McDowell was also fatally shot by Brown. McDowell then shot and instantly killed Brown.

The Yankee Doodle, the fastest steam yacht in this country, and probably in the world, burst its boiler at Philadelphia, Saturday. Nothing was left of the boat but a few pieces. William McBride and his brother, the owner of the vessel with two friends, left the city on the vessel Friday afternoon on a gunning trip after reed birds. Early Saturday morning the men boarded the two gunning skiffs towing at the stern, during the yacht's anchor. They had hardly pushed off before the explosion took place. Nothing was left of her.

Fleet street, London, and neighborhood has been visited of late by a plague to the number of mosquitoes, and it is feared they appear in swarms and cause infinite annoyance to the unoffending occupants. They are savagely bitten in unprotected parts of the body. Large lumps are raised and irritation is set up, which sometimes lasts for more than a week. They are small kind of mosquito, but are quite as troublesome as the Australian breed. They were about with marvellous celerity, and are a curious knack of making themselves invisible. The theory is that these little tormentors have been imported from Alexandria with the esparto grass from which paper is made, and have come from the paper mills to London.

A dispatch from Hawarden states that Mr. Gladstone had a narrow escape from being killed Thursday by an infuriated cow. The animal had been deprived of its calf and Mr. Gladstone was taking a walk about his estate when the cow made an impetuous rush at him. Mr. Gladstone stood his ground, hoping it would go to one side. The cow dashed madly forward and knocked Mr. Gladstone down, trampling upon him. In endeavoring to gore him with her horns, which, fortunately, were not fitted to do so much injury as its feet. Others rushed to Mr. Gladstone's assistance and drove off the cow, which otherwise might have made a fatal ending to the attack. Mr. Gladstone was found to be not badly hurt, although much shaken and somewhat bruised by his encounter with the vicious beast. It appeared that the cow had gone unnoticed by the herdsman, and had shortly before the attack. She was afterwards killed.

There is some talk of the Casco Bay Company building a steamer for next season, at cost of some $30,000, that will carry from 800 to 1,000 passengers.

Disordered Liver set right with BEECHAM'S PILLS.

RINGING WORDS

From a Prominent and Eminent Divine.

Statements That Are True and Straight to the Point.

Read What He Says, for His Words Are of Great and Peculiar Interest.

No one knows better than the faithful pastor the great value of sound physical and nerve strength. The strain upon brain and nerve, the physical exhaustion following excessive work, the responsibilities and sympathies with afflictions and the myriad cares make the earnest preacher's duties arduous and wearing in the extreme.

We do not wonder, therefore, at the strong and ringing words of praise which the eminent, divine, Rev. C. D. R. Meacham, gives that most wonderful of medicines, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. When he was run down in health, weak in nerves, prostrated in strength, and with his blood badly impaired, he was restored to sound and vigorous health by this marvelous health renewer.

Here are the exact facts in his own words:

"I am very glad to say in regard to Dr. Greene's great remedy that when my blood was badly impoverished by an old scrofula humor, and my nervous system was greatly impaired, Dr. Greene's medicine gave me wonderful relief.

"At the present time my health is as good as at any time in my life, and my confidence in Dr. Greene's remedy is constantly increasing.

Rev. C. D. R. MEACHAM.
Pastor Baptist Church, Townsend, Vt."

We have published the testimonials of vast numbers of people who were cured by the use of the great discovery, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, but we take more pleasure in giving to the world Rev. Mr. Meacham's own words in regard to the wonderful benefits he received from this valuable remedy, because we realize that the earnest words of a minister will have great weight with sufferers from disease, and everybody who reads his convincing words in regard to the sure and remarkable curative powers of this medicine will lose no time in securing a bottle and thus obtain a cure.

It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, and is kept by all druggists at $1.00.

Its discoverer is the well-known Dr. Greene of 34 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., who gives consultation and advice free to the sick, personally or by letter. The sick should use immediately Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, for it is not only the best remedy ever discovered, but those using it have the privilege of consulting Dr. Greene concerning its effects, their health, etc. This fact alone guarantees the assurance of cure. If you need a medicine do not fail to take this best of all remedies.

Items and Incidents.

London Tid Bits offered a prize for the best definition of the word "Pluck". The winner wrote: "Fighting with the scabbard when the sword is broken."

The Genuine Merit

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla wins friends wherever it is fairly and honestly tried. Its proprietors are highly gratified at the letters which come entirely unsolicited from men and women in the learned professions warmly commending Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it has done for them.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

One of the laborers in a St. Louis brewery is said to receive fifty glasses of beer as his daily allowance.

To rise in the morning with a bad taste in the mouth and no appetite, indicates that the stomach needs strengthening. For this purpose, there is nothing better than an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills taken at bed time.

The site of the city of Boston was sold in 1635 by John Blackstone for $150.

Neglect of the hair often destroys its vitality and natural hue, and causes it to fall out. Before it is too late apply Hall's Hair Renewer, a sure remedy.

Two little islands, Zanzibar and Pemba, furnish four-fifths of the cloves consumed by the world.

From Lieut. John Osborn of the firm of Evans, Osborn & Co. Boston.

"Two bottles of Adamson's Botanic Balsam effected a cure in my family that four skilled physicians failed to do."

Sold by druggists and dealers at 25 cents.

The great majority of people die between 3 and 6 o'clock in the morning. And it may be remarked that the great majority of people live between these hours!

If you hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills, they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

Instantaneous photography has revealed the fact that the former method of representing lightning as a fiery zigzag was entirely false.

Twenty thousand words have been added to the English language in the department of biology alone since Darwin's discoveries.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Grange News and Notes.

—Penobscot Pomona Grange met with Exeter Grange, Aug. 27th, and received a cordial welcome from its members, who are wide-awake patrons. Nothing new can be said of one of the best towns in the county, and one of the best Granges in the State, whose influence is felt all around it in good work for the order. Although the day was stormy, two hundred patrons were called to order at 10.30 o'clock, A. M., by Worthy Master Gregory. Thirteen Granges reported, and with one exception, favorable and praiseworthy. In the afternoon, fifty more patrons were added to the meeting, filling the hall. After singing by the choir, the question of "Tax Reform" was opened by the Worthy Lecturer, who introduced Prof. I. O. Winslow of St. Albans, who addressed the meeting upon the question, followed by Joel Richardson of North Newport. The discussion was listened to with close attention, followed with literary exercises by Exeter Grange. The next meeting will be with North Star Grange, Dixmont, Sept. 24th; address of welcome by Sister Jessie Ray; response by I. C. York, Eastern Star Grange. The business of the meeting will be the election and installation of officers. It is hoped each Grange in the county will be represented by voting members.

S. N. SNELL, *Sec'y.*

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—At the last regular meeting of Hillside Grange, East Thorndike, after a short session the Grange held a harvest feast, which, with the programme which followed, were conducted in true Grange style. Brother and sister Geo. Hillman of "Seven Star" Grange, Troy, were present. Both made happy and appropriate remarks. The attendance was large considering the unfavorable appearance of the weather.

—Programme of exercises for next meeting of Somerset Pomona Grange at Bingham, Sept. 13: Address of welcome, Bro. David Whipple. Response, Sister Ellen N. Paine. Question, "Has a laborer any moral lien on the profits arising from his labor?" Bro. S. F. Emerson and others, essay, Sister Desire Goodrich.

I. O. WINSLOW, *Lecturer.*

Maine Agricultural News.

—Our Exeter correspondent writes: Haying is all completed, and the amount is about two-thirds of what it was last year. Grain is now being harvested, and the crop will be about the same. Corn is about up to the average, as is also the bean crop. Potatoes are the slimest looking crop of all —few in the hill and small at that. Everybody is looking for high prices before they grow again. Of potato bugs we have a plenty for home use and some to spare. The apple crop will be better than last year, both in quality and quantity.

Occasionally, an article appears in the columns of the *Farmer* about some of our smart farmers' boys and girls, so I will mention what my little fifteen-year-old daughter, Minnie L., has done in the hayingfield the past season. With a one-horse machine she has cut all my hay with the exception of less than an acre of hand work, and some of it was quite rough. With a horse she raked it all, made all the loads, and helped stow the same away in the barn. Smoother and cleaner fields, after both machine and rake, can't be found in town. I cut from 35 to 30 tons of hay per year.

C. FARRINGTON.

To rise in the morning with a bad taste in the mouth and no appetite, indicates that the stomach needs strengthening. For this purpose, there is nothing better than an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills taken at bed time.

—The corn factory at Buc.field commenced canning sweet corn Monday, the 29th ult.

—The Hancock County Agricultural Society will hold its first fair at Mountain Park, Ellsworth, September 13th, 14th and 15th. There will be trotting for 2.55, 2.43 and 2.35 horses, and a free-for-all race. A long list of premiums for cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, fruit and vegetables, etc., has been prepared. The entries for the races will close September 10th. For information concerning the fair address the secretary, Nahum Hinckley, Bluehill, Me.

—The forty-fifth annual meeting of the York County Agricultural Society will be held at the Saco Driving Park, Saco, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22d. Purses of $1250 are offered.

ACCIDENTS. John Craig, one of the crew on the fishing schooner Olive H. Robinson of Portland, Me., lying at a Boston wharf, fell overboard in some mysterious manner early Wednesday morning and was drowned.

—One day recently as Mr. Hersey, the cattle dealer and his wife were coming into the Dunning hill in North Weld, the bolt of the whiffletree broke and both were thrown out, Mrs. Hersey being badly hurt.

Jonas Taylor, a well-known Kennebunk man, was loading a wagon with produce when one of the horses started and threw him upon the stable floor. The wheels of the wagon went over Mr. Taylor's head, crushing his face and lacerating his scalp very badly. It is feared that there are internal injuries which are even more serious than those outside.—A small boat containing Masters Harold Leighton, Earle Murphy and Alden Fisher capsized in the channel at West Pembroke recently. Master Fisher, aged 13, was the only one of the three who could swim, says the *Sentinel*, and, taking young Murphy on his back, he made for Mr. Kimball, and Mr. Leighton, who turned and towed ashore the punt to which Harold Leighton was still clinging.—British schooner Janet S. stranded on Monhegan Isle, Thursday night. Crew were saved and landed at Boothbay Harbor.—James O'Cannell, a watchman on the steamer Katahdin at Bangor, walked over the plank going aboard Wednesday night, and was drowned. His companion was pulled into the water with him but was saved by men on the boat. O'Cannell lived in Bangor. The body was not recovered.—Joseph Sylvester of Rockport, while working on the electric railroad wharf at Glen Cove, Thursday, slipped in some manner, falling a distance of nearly thirty feet on top of some logs. His right shoulder and thigh and four ribs were broken.—Jerry Desmond, who has lived in Bangor for the past seven or eight years, was killed on Saturday while at work on the construction of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad at a point above Brownville. He was moving some heavily loaded gravel cars, and was accidentally thrown under the wheels and several cars passed over his body, about at the waist, injuring him in a fearful manner. He died in three hours after the accident.—On Wednesday Archie Fogg fell into the river near the brickyard at Bowdoinham, and narrowly escaped drowning. The same day Willie Curtis fell overboard from the creek wharf near Main street.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. The Baptist church in Greene celebrated its ninety-ninth anniversary, last week, with the following exercises: Singing by the choir; scripture and prayer by Rev. G. W. Gould of the Free Baptist church of Greene; address of welcome by Rev. E. A. Cranston, pastor of the church; history of the church by Rev. C. C. Taggett; address by Rev. S. S. Cummings of the Little Wanderer's Home, Boston. Mr. Cummings' address was very interesting, as he was a constant attendant of this church in his youthful days, and was a grandson of the first deacon of the church. A bountiful dinner was served in the vestry after which the services were continued by prayer by Rev. L. R. Hurst of Jay, followed by a doctrinal address by Rev. Moses H. Harris, D. D., of Chicago. Mr. Harris was also a constant attendant of this church in his boyhood days. A poem was read by Silas Sprague of Auburn, a former member of the church. Remarks were made by Rev. R. Scott of Monmouth. There was excellent singing by the choir during the day. The church numbered 48 at its organization, and at present membership is ninety-five. It has had twenty-two pastors during the ninety-nine years. The occasion was one of great pleasure to all present.—The Ash corner, Center on Center street, Bangor, is undergoing extensive improvements inside. W. Cutter & Son have been putting up scaffolding for H. B. Dunbar's painters who are to paint the walls and kalsomine the ceiling. It will make a great improvement in the appearance of the church.—The fifty-third annual meeting of the Piscataquis Baptist Association will be held in the Monson Baptist church, September 13th to 15th. Interesting arrangements are being made for an unusually fine programme. Among the speakers are included the following: Rev. A. T. Dunn, D. D.; Rev. G. D. B. Pepper, D. D.; Rev. O. Fletcher, D. D.; Rev. E. M. Bartlett, Mrs. N. M. Waterbury, and others. It is expected that large delegations will avail themselves the privilege of these meetings.

Four men, one of them a sea captain, were riding near Bath, Sunday, when one of them insulted two young ladies who were walking in the road. The girls went home and told their father who started after the team. Overtaking it he asked the men what they meant by their conduct. One of them got out of the carriage with the intention of doing up the farmer, who was soon getting the better of him, so the sea captain went to his friend's assistance. But the farmer was more than a match for both, and when he got through with them their heads were out to a frightful manner and one was knocked insensible. They were put into the team and driven to a house a few miles away, where they were carried in and a man sent to Brunswick for a doctor, who came down and dressed the wounds.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world

The Markets.

Report of Watertown and Brighton Live Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

LIVE STOCK YARDS, Sept. 6, 1892.
AT WATERTOWN—ROSS.
AT BRIGHTON.

Dealers.	Hogs.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
C. E. Hanson,		16		45
J. C. Libby & Son,	13	45	65	60
W. W. Hall,	6	19		26
J. Bailey,		19		18
J. D. Rogers,	100	75		54
M. D. Holt,		16		
M. Newman,				11
E. J. Soule,		13		10

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 2,890; sheep, 10,808; hogs, 36,012; veals, 1,219; horses, 609.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 129; sheep, 65; hogs, 128; veals, 239; horses, 123.

CATTLE EXPORTS FOR OLD ENGLAND.

Market shipments during the week from the port of Boston 3163 head. The transporting of these cattle is not likely to yield officers. It is hoped each Grange in the county will be represented by voting members.

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C. FARRINGTON.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and Hood's Pills to every one who wishes to have health and comfort." Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 1, by Rev. Dr. Penney, Chas. T. Penney to Olive E. Bell, both of Augusta; Aug. 31, by Rev. Dr. Penney, Robert Donaldson to Mrs. Adelia L. Coombs, both of Augusta.

In Brunswick Aug. 27, George E. Groves to Edith M. Clough.

In Belfast, Aug. 31, Henry A. Archibald of Sanford, to Faustena Simpson.

In Brighton, Aug. 28, Sheldon H. Beal of Corinville, to Millie A. Foss of Athens.

In Durham, Aug. 28, George E. Gray to Mrs. Abbie Wakefield.

In East Corinth, Aug. 27, M. Skillings of Pittsfield, to Louie Soule.

In Falmouth, Aug. 30, Wm. O. Blake of Portland, to Ida M. Merrill of Falmouth.

In Gardiner, Aug. 29, Richard Blaisdell to Mrs. Lucy J. Nennecky of Waterville.

In Gorham, Aug. 28, Chas. H. Palmer of Hollis, to Lena Burnham of Albany.

In Lewiston, Aug. 31, Henry T. French of Norway, to Maude L. Spofford of Lewiston; Aug. 29, Henry Eldridge of Rochester, N. Y., to Bertha L. Dexter of Lewiston.

In Norway, Aug. 28, John Patrick Foley to Mary C. Jordan, both of Norway.

In West Limerick, July 31, Osgood F. Smith of Cary, to Alice M. Lougee of New Limerick.

In Oxford, Aug. 27, Alden F. Smith to Mary E. Lovejoy, both of Oxford.

In Paris, Aug. 27, Hiram Aldrich to Mrs. Florence E. Scribner, both of Paris.

In Portland, Frank C. Magnum to Jennie R. Dow; Aug. 31, Lucius Howard Cummings to Josephine Woodville Sears; Sept. 1, Joseph F. Anderson to Jennie E. Swanson; Aug. 27, James Stanley Brown to Stella M. Kimball, all of Portland.

In South Brewer, Sept. 2, Peter King to Phoebe Roussell.

In Saco, Aug. 27, John Greenwood to Mrs. Hattie Mitchell.

In Windham, Sept. 3, John L. Wescott of Westbrook, to Lilian M. Spear of Windham; Sept. 1, Isaac A. Bailey of Westbrook, to Sadie L. Shaw of Windham.

Died.

In Amherst, Aug. 29, Mrs. Nancy Orcutt, aged 75 years, 1 month.

In Brewer, Aug. 28, John A. Hamlin, aged 70 yrs.

In Biddeford, Aug. 29, Harry Herman, infant son of James G. and Rose E. Harvey, aged 5 months.

In Bath, Aug. 27, Dr. Frederic J. Sunli, aged 35 years, 2 months; Aug. 30, Clara M. Owen, widow of the late Henry Owen, aged 86 years.

In Bangor, Aug. 28, Lucy F. Stevens, aged 78 years; Aug. 28, Mrs. Abagail M. Burnham, aged 85.

In Caribou, Aug. 29, Daniel, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Runnels, aged 3 years.

In Cash's Corner, C. B., Aug. 31, Andrew J. Cash, aged 54 years, 4 months.

In Cape Elizabeth, Sept. 11, Hannah C., wife of George C. Thompson, aged 74 years, 7 months.

In Deer Isle, Aug. 27, Mrs. Elsie Greenlaw, aged 75 years.

In Fryeburg, Sept. 1, Mrs. Lois F. Lamson, aged 80 years—mother of D. L. Lamson, M. D.

In Gardiner, Aug. 27, Mrs. Ann Harrigan, aged 77 years.

In Hope, Mandel Philbrook, aged 50 years.

In North Lovell, Aug. 27, Henrietta, daughter of Mrs. Hattie McAllister, aged 5 months.

In Orrington, Aug. 29, Mrs. Susan King, aged 79.

In Portland, Sept. 2, Mrs. A. H. Blanchard; Sept. 3, Dorcas Perry, wife of Wm. Freethy, aged 78 years, 6 months; Sept. 2, Peter A. Larochelle, aged 33 years; Sept. 3, John, infant son of Bernard J. and Anne J. McCafferty, aged 8 months; Sept. 3, Leroy Good, only child of Howard M. and Ida E. Dorsey, aged 6 months; Aug. 30, Mary E. Bailey, wife of Andrew Mullin; Aug. 31, Thomas Breslin, aged 67 years; Aug. 29, Daniel, infant son of Daniel and Margaret McDonough, aged 7 days; Aug. 28, Moses Pearson, aged 74 years, 5 months; Aug. 29, Reading Newcomb, aged 72 years, 7 months; Aug. 29, Mary Simmons, aged 9 months; Sept. 1, Marie Reed, infant daughter of Jesse P. and Anne M. Symonds, aged 2 months; Aug. 27, Mrs. Ann Harrigan, aged 77 years.

In Paris, Aug. 29, William Cooper, aged 76 years, 5 months; Aug. 30, Hattie L. Martin, aged 26 years.

In Rockland, Aug. 29, Daniel, infant son of Aug. 29, Henry J. Sleeper, aged 60 years, 2 months; Aug. 28, Arthur N. Ulmer, aged 27 years; Aug.

Poetry.

Twilight.

BY ARGIE W. WRAT.

Across the silent mountains vague and brown,
Rushing to quiet many a distant town,
The night comes slowly from the far-off sea.
O beautiful dead day, sun-kissed and flower-crowned,
My heart goes down into the dusk with thee!
There's darkness in the valleys far and near
And darkness on the shadowed plain below,
And still and black the ragged mountains rise,
Save where, against the pale sea-line purple skies
Two rocky cliffs transfigured glow.

While tender mothers clasping wee ones
Sing softly in the fading light,
Half joy, half sorrow,
Half fear against the unknown morrow,
The river floweth through the night.
And mingles with the mothers' singing
A measured murmur slowly ringing—
The sobbing of the river reeds and grasses,
The throbbing of the river grass and reeds,
Till every wind on restless wings that passes
Make music through the troubled woods and meads.

The cricket's entry is hushed and silent now,
The last lark note has died away,
A mist is on the mountain brow,
And dull and gray, like the dead day,
The cedars dream the night away.
Farewell, old day, the world forgets thee,
And sometimes more will be as fair,
But in my heart enshrined I hold thee,
In memory's depths I keep and fold thee,
No other day thy crown shall wear.
—Harper's Bazar.

Pumpkin Pie.

When "melancholy days" come round and leaves
get brown and red,
When corn is shocked, and when you add a blanket
to your bed,
When apples, pared and quartered, are set in the
sun to dry,
This is the time you smack your lips and think of
pumpkin pie.

The pumpkin pie's a tempting dish to almost any
So sweet and tender, luscious (yum) and then withal
so pulpy,
You stir up eggs and milk and spice and sugar—
oh, my eye!
And then you add the pumpkin, and that makes the
pumpkin pie.

A doubt's been growing in my mind and I've been
thinking why,
With eggs and sugar, milk and spice, we call it
pumpkin pie,
For pumpkin by itself is naught—'tis cow food—and,
by jing,
Eggs, sugar, milk and spice will make a pie with
any thing.

How like to pumpkins are some men who're lauded
in these days,
Somebody does the work for them and they usurp
the praise.
Henceforth I'll make a metaphor when such an one
I spy,
And every false usurper I'll call a pumpkin pie.
—F. D. Heath in Yankee Blade.

Our Story Teller.

THE EYES OF THE WOLVES.

[FROM THE RUSSIAN OF TOLA DORIAN.]

Two men and a woman; a great baronial room, furnished half in the English, half in the Oriental style; a wide, low divan, covered with rich brocade and heaped with many cushions; deer-skins everywhere—on the floor, the furniture, the low easy-chairs; a buffet crowded with massive silver; a huge stove of tiles and Dutch faience; beside it a square table, covered with a cloth, upon which steams always the inevitable samovar, surrounded by transparent cups and crystal glasses in holders of metal filagree; the walls hung with draperies of dark-red velvet, faded pastels and photographs, and a fox-hunt in oil.

One of the men, wearing a brown-velvet jacket and his feet in soft shoes, leans back in a deep easy-chair reading a newspaper. His hair has begun to whiten, but his brows are as black as his eyes, and his expression is one of bored weariness. The other—a young lieutenant in undress uniform, his opened coat showing beneath it a crimson silk shirt—paces back and forth with step regular and firm. He is tall and robust, with blond hair and mustache, and a frank smile on his somewhat full face.

The lady—young also, and fair and delicate, her golden hair coiled in a loose knot low on her neck—reclines on the divan, lazily smoking a cigarette. She is in a dress of blue, her waist clasped by a silver belt studded with turquoise, her slim, white wrist circled by a narrow band of plain, dull gold. Her eyes, bold and laughing, flash from time to time with the changing gleams and shadows peculiar to the eyes of the feline race. Indolent and languid in repose, nervous and feverishly active at the slightest excitement, she has a singular mixture of vivacity and indifference, of softness and hardness, the scarlet curve of her rose-red lips announcing clearly an indomitable will.

Out of doors it is a night of clear metallic whiteness, the hoar-frost tracing even the window-panes with fantastic flowers. Within, all is warm and snug—a balmy atmosphere, impregnated with tea-fumes, tobacco, and that subtle odor of tanned skins, the perfume of Russian leather.

The silence of the room for the moment is broken only by the rustle of the paper and the lieutenant's measured tread. Presently the lady yawns, rearranges her cushions, and begins to sip from a frail Japanese cup the smoking amber tea. She is awake at last. The lieutenant turns, a flame like a ray of sunlight in a dark place in his brown eyes, and throws himself at her feet. She answers him gayly, wearing glance with a coquettish feint and a movement of the arm that makes the bracelet at her wrist ring like a bell.

"Prince," she says, suddenly addressing the reader by the title given to the samovar, "what are we going to do tomorrow? What are your plans for us, prince, tell us?"

"To beat the oak plantation," he answered, tossing aside his paper. "The wolves, the peasants tell me, make nightly ravages there. Two nights ago it was a horse; yesterday a cow, killed no near daylight, too, that his body was still warm when they found it by the roadside."

"We shall hunt, then?" said Mme. Novar, with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, indeed. I'm in good shape, the hounds well-trained, and they ask nothing better than to sharpen their teeth on the wolves' hides."

"But it will freeze by to-morrow," the young woman objects—"freeze hard, and that; the moon has a haze around it."

"And what if it does freeze?" asked the young lady. "With my habit, toque, and coat gloves I can face any weather. Don't forget the champagne prince."

"Have no fear, madame; all will be done as you desire."

Another long silence.

Mme. Novar, suddenly springs from her cushions. Throwing back her head with a bird-like motion, her loosened hair lies half-uncoiled on her beautiful neck, her half-closed eyes open wide and eagerly.

"Listen—listen," says she; "I have an idea!"

"What is it?" the lieutenant demands, admiration of her beauty sending the blood to his pale-tinted face in an ardent glow.

"I wish, absolutely, without delay, that we go to hunt now, at once, to hunt in sleighs—in a troika. Quick, prince, quick! Give the order! What now? What moonlight! What life! Everything calls us! Quick—quick, I say, prince; let the horses be harnessed while I go to dress myself."

"Consider madame," the prince responds, hesitatingly, and stiffly rising from his chair, "with the greatest pleasure, but—"

"But what? What excuse are you seeking to find to keep us here in this downy nest, drinking tea, and tea, and tea? We shall turn into dried mummies. But see—see for yourself, prince," flying to the window and pulling back with feverish haste the heavy curtains, so that a wave of silvery moonlight floods the chamber, only half-lighted by the shaded lamps; "a perfect apotheosis of fiery brilliancy! How is it possible to remain at home on a night like this?"

"My dear madame," demurred the prince again, a note of coldness, if not displeasure in his voice. "I must be frank; it is my duty to warn you that I am not sure of my beats. To order at a pretty woman are absolute; I have passed a lifetime submitting to them, but in a case like this all depends on the training and experience of horses. If they run or upset us no earthly power can save us from the teeth of the wolves, if they chance to be numerous. My middle horse is perfect—a wise old trotter; nothing could alarm him—but the other horses? You are young, prince, young, madame; they arrived from the Don only last spring, and are not, yet sufficiently broken. They have hunted, it is true, but hunted in summer, not in the same thing, and then, only in daylight. Wolves are cold at this time of year, and they are thick these freezing nights, half-starved and not at all timid. Take the word of an old hunter, madame, and do not expose yourself——"

"You are jesting, my dear prince," Mme. Novar interrupts, with a little, dry laugh; "or, perhaps, now I think of it, maybe you are afraid? Be candid, or you will compel me to believe that you are growing old—which would be truly a pity."

She speaks with such an accent of mingled reproach, sarcasm, and defiance, and in her eyes there burns such a mocking light, that the prince responds—by ringing the bell.

A servant in Cossack dress answers the summons.

"Tell Timothy to harness Faust, Arabi, and Aree to the big hunting troika; Faust in the middle. Let Andre prepare the guns and the pig, and be ready in half an hour."

The little Cossack, with his shining buttons and rosy face, bows and goes out; the prince follows him. Left alone with her, the lieutenant, a troubled light in his eyes, approaches Mme. Novar.

"Dear madame," he begins, gently, "I am neither an old nor a cowardly man; but nevertheless, I beg of you to give up this fancy. It is very tempting, I know, for a woman like you; but do not, I beseech you, compel your host to expose himself and his servants to a risk so terrible. For I give you my word that, with inexperienced horses, at this season of the year, when the wolves are most ferocious, it is a deadly danger to run. I entreat you not to insist. Our responsibility——"

"Thou, too, Serge!" cries Mme. Novar, with a burst of ringing laughter. "Away with fear! The more danger there is the more one should feel one's self alive; the more sensations one has, the happier one should be."

The lieutenant answers her, with a reproving gesture; "For one's self alone, yes; but for others?"

A big sleigh, in the shape of a half-ship, the horses harnessed to the prow, the coachman in front, in his usual place, waits now at the foot of the outer staircase; between the shafts a big black horse, its intelligent face surmounted by long, pointed ears and lighted by large, brilliant eyes, stands patient and solid between the Ukraine runners. The right-hand horse is gray, the left-hand, roan, both of them thin, sinewy, with flowing manes and tails.

Timothy, the coachman, with his strong face and eagle glance, perched up aloft, touches his cap to the prince as he slowly descends the steps Mme. Novar on his arm. She, pale and frail, but smiling, is clad from head to foot in sealskin, her flashing eyes sparkling like flame through her veil. A light rifle hung carelessly over her shoulder. The lieutenant follows, with Andre bearing half a dozen guns.

A clear, silvery light floods everything, house and grounds. Each line of the harness, the guns, the eyes of the horses and of the men shine under it with extraordinary brilliancy, and seem to give back to it electric sparks. Mme. Novar runs across the terrace, which the marvellous witchery of snow and moonlight had turned to purest marble. She springs to the sleigh, the men quickly follow; at the same instant low grunts and cries are heard under the furs. Andre flings himself down on the spot whence come the squeals to stifle the sound and the horses are off at a gallop.

Fast as the run is, it is almost soundless, the fall of the horses' hoofs on the soft snow scarcely perceptible. The bells have been removed from both sleigh and harness. Now and then the coachman's whistle resounds through the stillness like a bird's shrill call. Again one of the horses sneezes. But ever in this arrowy rush they cross the swelling, undulating plains that stretch out like endless sheets of silver.

The plains once passed, they enter a stately wood, whose trees form lines, black and wavering, of limitless perspective. Timothy halts at a cross-roads; the vehicle stands out against the snow like a cat's; she looks at the wolves and again at the horses.

"Superb! Magnificent? The old horse is simply amazing! His name, prince, his name?"

"Faust, madame," the prince answers, coldly; "also permit me to remind you that our danger is very great."

"I know, I know—grow not tell me. If the sleigh upsets—well, nothing will remain of us but our guns and the buttons of our clothes. Pooh! I trust to Faust—he is a marvellous animal."

"By God's will my prince," says Timothy, solemnly, "we'll reach the lake safely. How it will be then—I cannot tell; the lake-edge is bad, rough, and slippery, the descent very, very steep."

"So! Take this, then," the prince returns, giving Timothy his hunting-knife; "if we are spilled, I am not to fall alive into the jaws of these devilish brutes."

"I comprehend, your excellency," Timothy replies.

"And thou, Serge," Mme Novar murmurs, pale but smiling a bewitching smile into the lieutenant's face, "art thou afraid?"

"I, madame, afraid?" he answers slowly, looking at her straight in the eyes as he spoke; "no. But a useless death seems to me ridiculous—criminal when imposed by the caprice of a wilful woman—but I submit to it."

Mme. Novar shudders; for a moment she seems stunned. "And you speak thus to me, Serge?" she questions, amazed.

"To you, Marta," he answers, for the first time calling her by her name.

Something seems to break in her heart as she listens—a whimsical, thoughtless heart, a little too sure of its power, perhaps, but essentially feminine. The shock increases for her tenfold the danger to which they are exposed.

And such danger, too! The horses beyond control, maddened, their heads low, run haphazard. The wolves, relentless in their chase, are almost on them. Suddenly Timothy cries out hoarsely:

"The lake, the lake, my prince! We are there!"

Before them the forest opens, a broad, treeless space comes into view; it is the road—the road barely visible, which slopes like a sort of ice-covered trench whose sides are nearly vertical.

The sleigh flies now like a squall of wind. Not even Faust attempts longer to check their headlong flight. His, too, runs blindly, flinging out his heels with the long, superb stride of a pure blooded racer.

"God protect us!" murmurs the prince under his breath—"the victims of a woman's whim!"

He sighs, turns his back on Mme. Novar and seats himself by the coachman, the veins of whose neck swell out like whipcord as he pulls on the lines with all his might.

"Let them go," says the prince, "let them go, Timothy. No human power can aid us now."

"Holy Virgin, no; not till the lake is passed!" Timothy cries. "The steppes are just beyond; once there, we are saved!"

Like a bolt of lightning horses fly down the slope to the lake. Seeing something like a slak before him, Faust, with lifted head and wide-open eyes, recognizes the danger confronting them, for he knows, like a human, what his end will be if his maddened comrades drag him over the brink of that treacherous spot. He braces himself stiffly, digs his feet deep in the snow, and throws himself to one side, thrusting the right horse with him and forcing him to keep the road edging the water.

But the left horse slips, scrambles and falls. Now Faust rears, forcing with him the right horse in his haunches. Timothy, trusting to the instinct of the old horse, holds fast with one hand, stretches forward across the shaft and cuts with one stroke the fallen horse's traces. With a neigh of agony he instantly disappears under a swarm of snarling devils.

The sleigh flies on; the lake and wood are passed and the broad highway of the steppes is before them. The hunters are silent and speak not a word; a light gleams in the distance and Timothy turns the steaming horses toward it. It is the post station in the midst of the steppes. They enter the court-yard like a charging hurricane.

Faust for a moment breathes heavily and loud, staggers blindly, whinnies low and shudderingly falls—never to rise again. He had broken a blood vessel in the effort he had made to keep the sleigh straight when the side horse fell, and, though bleeding inwardly all the while, the strength and courage of his race upheld him to the last.

Timothy, with bowed head and wet eyes, makes no attempt to hide his sorrow. The prince stands like a man of stone, gazing dumbly at his horse, already stiffening, his legs stretched out, his mouth and nostrils red with blood. Mme. Novar, too, throws back her head with a gesture of imperous defiance.

"It was not to be this time," she murmurs, softly. "We are saved—saved, Serge, my friend, though all depended upon a horse."

And moved, touched, in spite of herself, she turns and impulsively reaches her hand to her lover. But he stands like stone; he does not notice her hand, and his voice is ice itself as he mechanically repeats after her: "As you say, madame—all depended upon a horse."

Still she does not understand him; she is a woman and hard to convince, and she speaks again with a tender inflection:

"How strangely you speak, Serge. It was Marta—did you know that, Serge—Marta you called me during—during our peril," she adds, with a silvery laugh.

"For the first and the last time, Madame," the lieutenant returns, gravely. "Faust has broken that which bound me to my dearest desire. True courage is always admirable. would see any woman brave peril coolly and would commend the effort; in like proportion would I despise her did her caprice endanger the life even of a dog. How, then, judge one whose wilful fancy exposes human lives to the cruellest danger? Men are not allowed, as you know to draw back from a daring, even a foolhardy undertaking—a silly bondage imposed upon us by self-esteem. Therefore, a woman who abuses her privileges, who presumes upon this sentiment and knowledge, is neither more nor less than a murderess—a murderess with premeditation; and a woman, be her station what it may, without tenderness, is in my opinion, a monster.

"For that reason, madame, permit me to congratulate you on the happy outcome of your whim and to bid you—farewell."

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE. When the pioneers of temperance, or rather total abstinence began their work, they were everywhere derided, alcohol being then regarded as a food. Scientific authority, however, vindicated the fanatics of those days by declaring, after demonstration, that alcohol is not a food but a poison. The wide-spread harm caused by the freedom with which alcoholic stimulants were prescribed for the sick, and tonics of the same kind for convalescents, led in Great Britain to the establishment of a temperance hospital where for many years, surgical and medical cases have been treated without alcohol with the most gratifying results.

On this continent the belief that the value of alcohol as a medicine was, to say the least, greatly overestimated, found expression at the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Detroit in 1883, when a temperance hospital department was established, but it was not until May, 1886, that the hospital was opened. The building was in Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, opposite what was then the Chicago University.

Since 1889 the hospital has paid its own way, and has demonstrated conclusively that be done in medicine without alcohol it has trained a large number of professional nurses, all duly imbued with the conviction that alcohol can with advantage be dispensed with even in times of illness. The original building proving too small for the institution, removal was some months ago decided upon, and on July 11 the location of the Temperance Hospital was changed to a more commodious structure on Diversey street, in the same city.

The new hospital has every modern requisite for hospital purposes, and is admirably furnished, largely by the aid of W. C. T. U. donations. The protestations and supporters of the institution declare that experience has demonstrated that alcohol can be dispensed with in the treatment of diseases. The superintendent of the department says "it is educating the medical mind as well as the masses." The popularity of the hospital last year was but four per cent., although 46 different diseases were treated. It has now accommodation for 60 patients.

The Agricultural stakes for 2-year-olds, at Lexington, Ky., $1000 guaranteed, was won by Elsie Wilkes.

AGRICULTURAL STAKES—FOR 2-YEAR-OLDS.

Elsie Wilkes, by Thorn Wilkes	2	1	1
Georgia Lee, by Gambetta Wilkes	1	2	2
Marmaduke	4	4	3
Stamping Ground	3	3	4
Vascolo	5	6	6
Kentucky Girl	6	5	5
Notre Dame	7	7	7

Time—2.34¼, 2.30, 2.28¾.

THREE MINUTE CLASS—PURSE, $1000.

Henriette, by Alcyone	1	1	1
Dan Cupid	2	2	2
Wilkie G	3	3	3
Bluevein	4	4	4
Chatsworth	5	5	5

Time—2.34¼, 2.33½, 2.31¼.

Independence Iowa:

2.25 TROT—PURSE $1000.

Kentucky Union, ch f by Aberdeen	1	1	1
Ben Wallace	7	2	2
Mary Mark	2	12	3
Martha	3	3	4
Lady Daphne	4	11	4
Dan N	6	4	5
Ida D	6	10	7
Chiquetta	9	7	6
Rasmussen	12	9	8
Prince H	10	8	5
Wanderer	11	6	9
Brutus Girl	10	6	ds

Time—2.18¾, 2.14¾, 2.16½.

2.30 PACE—STAKE $2000.

Hazel Wilkes, ch m by Guy Wilkes	1	1	1
Pedro L	3	2	2
Canary Bird, p m by Mambrino	2	3	3
Blazeberry	4	4	4
Trim	5	5	dis

Time—2.15¾, 2.14¾, 2.15¾.

2.30 CLASS—PACING—PURSE $1000.

San Pedro, b g by Del Sur	1	1	1
Flashlight	2	2	2
Prima Donna	3	4	3
Flash	4	3	ds

Time—2.13, 2.14, 2.13

About 1,000 people attended the Franklin county horse breeders' races at Franklin Park, Farmington, Wednesday. The races were interesting, although not very hotly contested.

St. Croix, a 4-year-old by Wilkes, b. s., went for a record in the 2.37 class, winning the first heat in 2.28½, and nearly distancing the field. Fannie Wilkes, by Wilkes, won the yearling race in 1.54, and Electric, by Gideon Chief, the 3-year-old class in 2.54. Summary:

2.37 CLASS.

St Croix, b g, by Wilkes	1	1	1
Black Max, blk s	2	3	2
Myrtle, r m	3	2	3
Long Shore, jr, b s	dis		
Maggie Franklin, b m	dis		

Time—2.28½, 2.47, 2.45.

THREE-MINUTE CLASS.

Iona, s ch m, by Albrino	1	1	1
Clara G, b m	2	2	2
Miss Vidi, b m	3	3	3
Princess Nelson, b m	5	5	5
Dash, b g	4	4	4
Dusk, b m	6	6	6
Electric, blk s	1	1	1
Clingston, br m	dis		

Time—2.40, 2.41¾, 2.42.

At Independence, Iowa, on Thursday in the first heat of the first race, Lobasco covered the distance in 2.11¾, setting a new mark for stallions in a race. The next three heats were captured by Lord Clinton, who made a new mark for a four-heat race, the average coming down to 2.11¾. In the free-for-all race the record for five heats was broken.

The 2.17 trotting, purse $1000, divided, Lord Clinton won; best time, 2.10¼. The 2.29 pacing, purse $1000, divided. Prima Donna won; best time, 2.16. The free-for all, pacing, purse $1000, divided. Mascot won; best time, 2.07¾.

At 5.30 P. M., Budd Doble brought Martha Wilkes out to beat her record of 2.09¼, made in a race here last week. She was accompanied by two runners. She went to the quarter in .30¾, the half in 1.02¾, the three-quarters in 1.35¼, and under the wire in 2.08. She now holds the next to the fastest trotting record, besides the world's race record of 2.09¼.

Jay Kye See (2.00¾) started to beat the world's pacing record of 2.00¼, going the mile in 2.08¾.

Nothing in the ordinary surroundings of a horse can be so injurious as the absence of good ventilation. Any number of horses can be kept in a place where no ventilation exists, and in many places where ventilators were put in by a well meaning hand, one finds them stuffed up with straw and hay. Now, when a horse commencing to heave breathes much stronger than a man, that the exhalations from his skin and elsewhere are so much greater than from any human being, it only stands to reason that ill ventilated stables are impossible to be preservative of the horse's health any more than a foul smelling room would be of a human being's health. If a stable owner wants to know the atmosphere that his horses breath, let him be the first man in his stable in the morning, when, unless his power of scent is all gone, he will often have occasion to be horrified at the air his animals have to breath.

Free ventilation may at times have a tendency to cause colts to stare, but that is not half as bad as to undermine the horse's health by nothing him breathe foul air. Good light is likewise of great importance in the stable. Vegetation will die in a half darkened room; it wants the sun's rays to keep up its vitality; the trees in the forest grow straight, so as to obtain their share of light, and their lower branches die off because the light does not penetrate to them. Is it reasonable to suppose that animal life can be deprived of the vitalising influences of light with impunity?—*Western Sportsman.*

The Driving Horse.

While we are day by day striving after the glory and profit that springs from the production of the compelaying trotter, how many breeders are there seeking to swell the supply that has never yet equaled the demand for stylish, first-class drivers? Though it is quite possible to breed for speed and beauty—to breed horses equally fitted for the turf and the road—few have ever succeeded in doing well two things at once, either in horse-breeding or in any other direction. It is true that those natural qualifications that as a rule best fit a horse for the track also best fit him for the road, boulevard and park; but is also true that the training and racing of turf horses, in the great majority of cases, render them anything but ideal drivers.

What is an ideal driver? We should define him, briefly, as a horse of good size, high style and finish, including of course acceptable (preferably solid) color, magnificence of carriage and action, fair trotting speed, absolute soundness, and nerve and ambition in harness, combined with a safe and docile disposition. The horse combining all these qualities must of course be produced from trotting blood; and as in his breeding the question of high speed is subordinated to the greater essentials in an ideal driver, fashionable trotting blood is not necessary to his production, though of course the truth should not be overlooked that the better the blood the better the horse, and the purer the pedigree the more money he will bring in open market. Outside of specimens of this class of horse found in the trotting breed, the hackney comes the nearest to filling the place; but we contend that by intelligent selection and breeding we could produce from trotting blood road and park horses with all the excellences possessed by the hackney and superior to him in many points. It is certainly a perverted taste that prefers the chopping knee-action of the hackney to the smooth rolling glide of the trotting-bred horse; and he who avers that among trotting-bred horses cannot be found individuals possessing beauty, finish and structural quality equal to those found in the best hackney specimens has but an imperfect acquaintance with the national American breed of horses. It is true that the road race after speed alone many breed from misshapen, unsound, coarse and individually inferior trotting horses—and the same may be said of breeders of thoroughbreds; but we hold that the ideal breeder, either in the trotting or thoroughbred ranks, does not breed for speed alone, and will turn away from inferior individuality, no matter what high degree of speed propensity marks the blood. The pernicious idea that a fashionable pedigree or a fast record or fast progeny excuses individual inferiority does not appeal to the discriminating intelligence of advanced horsemen. And of course our best breeders of trotters are becoming more and more exacting as to the individuality of the animals from which they breed, and so are the buyers at the great sales, as the observing attendant at the ringside may readily perceive.

To breed desirable road horses does not involve great expenditure, as does the establishment of a stud for the production of turf horses. It is not difficult to find at moderate prices, stallions sufficiently well bred for this purpose, and of the requisite size, style, quality, action and general individuality. The great essential is that the stallion shall have the blood force to reproduce himself with uniformity, for the demand for matched teams is a never-ceasing, a never-supplied one, and one that is richly remunerative to meet. Mares suitable to produce fancy roadsters and drivers, though necessarily mares of fine individuality, can be readily secured at prices not above their intrinsic value, and the produce of such mares from a stallion worthy of the mating will at all times sell at a price remunerative to the producer. The demand for first class or honest under discussion is as unquestionable as the fact of their scarcity. If you doubt their scarcity try to select and buy an ideal gentleman's driver, or more difficult still, a well-matched pair of roadsters trotting team; if you doubt the demand, offer such goods for sale in any of the great horse markets and you will be convinced. Though the time may come when ultra-fashionable trotting blood will not sell for the fabulous prices of the present, we shall not live to see it. Good horses and first-class driving horses or matched teams will not sell at prices making their production a profitable branch of the breeding business. The production and training of turf horses will more and more as time goes on, center in the establishments operated and expensively equipped for that special purpose; but the production of drivers, driving teams—horses for the road, park and the boulevard—is open to the American farmer and breeder as an ever-widening field of profitable enterprise.

Poultry Department.

Useful Hints by Old Fancier.

The success of poultry raising depends considerable on the care bestowed. Cleanliness is an important factor, and I have found the following an excellent whitewash to sweeten the houses and make them look neat. Put two pailfuls of boiling water in a tight barrel; dissolve in hot water as much copperas as will lie on a half bushel of the very best, well burned, unslacked lime; quickly add the salt water and cover the barrel tightly to keep in the steam while the lime slacks; when it is through slacking, stir until well mixed together, and if necessary add more boiling water, leaving the mass like thick cream; strain through a sieve or coarse cloth. Soak a pound of strong glue in cold water over night; cook three pounds of rice, without scorching, until thoroughly done as for thin starch, and to this add the glue; also add two pounds of whiting, and stir well. Add the entire mixture to the lime wash and enough hot water to make the compound a proper consistency, stir thoroughly and keep hot while applying. Six gallons of this mixture will cover about 100 square feet of surface, and is very durable. It may be colored any shade, if so desired.

Another important point is the health of the fowls; colds are easily contracted, especially if there are drafts in the house, and roup is a dreaded disease. It is a disease that may be rightly classed as incurable, for a fowl once affected will never be again in a healthy condition, no matter how apparently well it may appear after it has been treated. To attempt to give medicine to a roupy fowl is to undergo a deal of unnecessary trouble, for there is nothing of the disagreeable part of the work, and as roup leads to diphtheria in humans, it is unsafe to handle such fowls.

I do not believe it necessary to destroy all birds that have the roup, for I have proved and which have simple colds, but when the foul roup odor is discernible, the use of the hatchet is the better mode of treating the matter, as labor and expense are saved by the operation.

People are beginning to realize that laying fowls need something besides grain, and it has been found that cut hay is not only cheaper than grain, but is a valuable tant in the ration of the hen as for that of the cow. Good clover hay contains more nitrogen and more mineral matter than grain, and a single hen will lay more eggs and keep in better health by its use in connection with grain than to confine them to a grain diet exclusively, while the saving in the cost of the food, by reason of the use of clover is placed a portion of the grain, is very large.—*American Stock Keeper.*

Look to the Moulting Fowls.

As the season of the year comes around when the annual loss of feathers occurs among the fowls, more than usual attention should be given to their delicate condition. The best prepared and the best disposed hen then declines to offer so much as a solitary egg to her master. She evidently misses her dainty dress and dislikes the rags with which her shivering body is partially clothed; and sick, dispirited and drooping, the poor creature hardly understands herself. But we know that with all the supplies of her system "ordered to the front," or rather to the surface, for making new feathers, she has little vitality left for ordinary avocations, and tender nursing and extra feed will soonest help to tide her over the "evil days" upon which she has fallen. Without making a chemical analysis of the constituents of feathers, we know that they smell enough like animal flesh when burning to convince us that the make-up of the two must be nearly alike, and that what serves for the one must also furnish the material for the other. It is safe, therefore, to give her largely of corn meal, wheat, milk and meat (lean and fat). Iron in the drinking-dish will also give tone and aim kept in place to restore the vitality of the system during this exhausting season.

Useful Hints.

Clean out your poultry-house the first thing and then give it a liberal coat of whitewash.

Speaking of preserving eggs, there is nothing better than common salt where but a few dozen are to be put down.

Keep the chicks growing. Neglect for a single day now will often give them a set back that they will not recover from in weeks.

Select the best layers. "Don't know them," did you say? Then you are not well enough acquainted with your flock to profit by this advice.

By selecting those hens which showed the least disposition to set for a long series of years, a strain of Light Brahmas has been produced that shows but little of the setting instinct.

How many persons have any idea what it costs to produce a dozen eggs? We tried it one year and kept a strict account with a flock of Leghorns. We found that it cost us a trifle over four cents a dozen.

The incubator has come to stay, but a great many who buy them expect too much. My experience with hens leads me to be perfectly satisfied with a forty per cent. hatch, and I very often do better than this.

Chicken raised in a brooder do better than those raised by a hen. They are never chilled, never caught out in a sudden storm, and never infested with parasites. One brooder with fifty chicks in it is less trouble than a dozen hens and less with a dozen chicks.

Did you ever notice how much nicer a lot of men in uniform look than the common crowd? It is just so with a flock of fowls; all in the coop of poultry, the pure bred fowls that look alike and are more profitable than the many-colored scrubs.—*Barry N. Corse, in Prairie Farmer.*

Young Folks' Column.

The Withered Leaf.

Dropped from thy stem, poor faded leaf,
Oh! whither art thou going?
"Ah! little child, I nothing know;
I follow the wind's blowing.
For since the day when by the storm
My parent oak was riven,
By idle breeze, or tempest wild,
Have I been onward driven.
From forest shade to sunny plain,
On mountain height, or hollow,
And still I go where leads the wind;
His resting will I follow.
Without complaint and without fear,
This one thing only knowing—
Where roseleaves go and laurel leaves,
Content, I too am going."
—Emilie Poulsson, in Wide Awake.

Frank.

Frank was a strong brown horse whose business it was to help pull street-cars up a grade. When the heavy cars came to the foot of the grade his master would fasten him to the car with the other horses and then they would all pull together, and the car would go up the hill quite easily.

After he had been there awhile and found what he was expected to do, he did not wait to be led to the cars, but, when he saw one coming, would walk up without being told and wait for the chain to be fastened to the car.

He hadn't easy work of it by any means, and it seemed as if he never accomplished anything, for he always came back to where he had started. But the tired horses that he helped up the hill dozens of times a day did not think that he accomplished nothing.

He was a good-natured horse. Perhaps, like Black Beauty, he had been gently broken in, which might have accounted for that. At any rate, he never bit nor kicked his driver, and though he often had pretty hard work of it, and was sometimes very tired, it never made him disagreeable and cross.

Frank's master, too, was as good-natured as he was. He and Frank had worked together for a long time, and the horse always seemed better able to attend to his duties when this kind man stood beside him; and sometimes, when the load was extra heavy, patted him on the neck and said, "Now Frank, do your best, that's a good old fellow."

But after awhile Frank's master was promoted. His employers found him so faithful and reliable that they gave him a better position, where he would have more responsibilities and much more money. So he and Frank were parted.

This was a great misfortune to the horse, for the man that came next was not kind to him and sometimes struck him and whipped him as if that would make him do his work better. But Frank did not get angry with him, but worked on as usual, always trying to do his best.

His first master was working hard too, all this while, and at last saved up money enough to buy a little house in the country where his children might have all the fresh air they wanted and grow up strong and healthy.

One day, as he passed by where Frank worked, he saw his driver kick him because he didn't pull quite as hard as he thought he should. It had been a long time since he and Frank had worked together, and all this while the good horse had been working in his earnest, good natured way. The hard work was beginning to tell on him and he wasn't quite as able to pull heavy loads as he used to be.

He felt very sorry for poor Frank and, when he came slowly back from his task with his heavy chain flung over his back, he went up to the horse and patted him on the neck, just as he used to do, and said: "Good old Frank, still at it. Not forgotten your old master, I hope?"

Indeed, Frank hadn't forgotten his old master. He remembered his voice as soon as he spoke and gave a glad little neigh and put his nose down into his old friend's hand. But pretty soon another car came along and Frank had to help drag it up the hill. His old master stood watching him as he toiled up, and he looked more and more sorry that it seemed to be for him than formerly. He waited till he came trudging back again and then stroked his neck once more and said: "Good-by, Frank, poor old horse." And the kind-hearted man's big brown eyes also looked wistfully after him as he went away.

That night, when he went home, he told his wife and children about seeing old Frank again, and how longingly he had looked at him and how unkindly he was treated.

And they talked it over among themselves, and at last decided, if Frank was not too expensive, to buy him and bring him out to the country to live with them.

But Frank was not worth very much any more. So his old friend bought him and took him out to the happy country home.

Frank couldn't understand it all at first, and seemed to wonder if it could be possible that he wouldn't have any more heavy cars to drag up hill. It had been so long since he had been in the country that he hardly knew how to behave himself, but gradually he became used to it all and settled down into a good family horse. His best years were gone and his best work had been done before he came to the country, but he had a very easy life of it after that, for they all remembered he was a poor, tired out grade horse, and did not ask much of him.

They let him roam about in the sweet clover field till he was quite rested, and now Frank has nothing to do but crop the sweet grass, and on pleasant days take his old master's children, and even the whole family, out for a ride over the country roads. And they all love him much too well to ask him to do more.—*Elizabeth A. Moore, in the Churchman.*

Margie's Charm.

"What is it that makes everybody love Margie Fitch so?" said Jennie Howard, half petulantly, as she turned away from the window after having seen the elegant Mrs. Dayton, with her little daughter by her side, gracefully rein in her horse, take Margie in her handsome carriage, and dash off again down street. "She isn't pretty. Now what is it, do you suppose?"

"I think I can tell you, dear." Perhaps you would better set yourself the task this week to discover it," answered her mother, busily putting the sitting-room to rights.

The next day at school Jennie followed her idea out, and in the class of 30 girls she noticed was Margie's kindness to Alice Roes, a shy new scholar, who stood quite alone, looking wistfully at the others at their gay sports. Margie went over and made her acquaintance, and after a little urging, the girl joined the merry group and was soon running like a deer and laughing with the rest.

When school was called, Margie laid a rose on the teacher's desk as she passed, and smiled a cheery "Good morning," and received an appreciative smile in return.

About an hour later, while busily studying, a mischievous boy threw a spit-ball. Looking about, she saw the new scholar sitting with head bent forward regarding her slate with a hopeless expression. Up went Margie's hand for permission to leave her seat, which was granted, as were all like requests, for they were rare, and the teacher knew they were never of a trifling nature.

"What is the matter, Alice?" asked Margie, sitting down beside her.

"I can't do one of these examples," she replied, dashing away a tear.

Margie took the slate, read over an example, and soon had it done correctly. With a little help at the right place the others were conquered, and the little girl lifted a grateful face to her as she thanked her.

On their way home a troop of girls were working off their animal spirits in a wild game of tag. Margie in whirling suddenly came in collision with a gentleman, knocking his cane from his hand.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said Margie covered with confusion as she returned the cane to him. "I'm afraid I have hurt you sir," and she looked up with frank solicitude in her eyes.

"Not at all, my dear," he responded heartily, pleased by her courteous manner.

"Go on with your play and be happy. I am proud to doff my hat to so polite a lady," which he did with stately bow, and passed on.

"How did you dare? I should have been too much frightened to have said a thing," exclaimed one of the girls.

"So should I," chorused the others.

There was a social in the church parlors that week. Jennie still hovered near Margie learning a sweet lesson every day from her, when she noticed Margie's sweet voice in hymn book, finding their favorite songs, a lady passed to speak to them. Margie instantly arose and proffered her chair, which was accepted with a pleased smile after Margie had insisted on it.

The two girls started for the other room where the young people were preparing for games. Just then Margie espied a solitary figure sitting in the corner. This was the deacon's wife, who was somewhat deaf. After a handshake and a sentence through the ear-trumpet people usually left her to herself, as the majority of people mumble or speak too rapidly to be readily understood through the trumpet.

Margie crossed the room to her, and taking the trumpet in her hand, being carefull to articulate so as not to make her affliction more conspicuous, she sat and chatted half an hour away, amusing the dear old lady by repeating the pleasantries and jokes that were flying from lip to lip of those around them.

"You have been a great comfort to me, my bonnie lass," said the old lady, patting the hand that held the trumpet. "Now go and play with the rest. I thank you, my dear, for your thoughtfulness to an old woman like me," and Margie went away quite happy. As soon as she appeared several rushed excitedly to her.

"Oh, here comes Margie Fitch! Let her